

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JANUARY 4, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

35 CENTS

**SPORTSMAN
OF THE YEAR**

INGEMAR JOHANSSON

**A PLAN
TO SAVE
WORLD
BOXING**





Copyright 1970 by The Seven-Up Company

Nothing's as bracing as sea air except a **Seven-Up** highball!

How many times have you tasted disappointment in the form of a flavorless drink? Too often? We sympathize.

And we offer 7-Up—the mixer that never drowns out whiskey flavor. Seven-Up mellows gently, then steps aside. Your highball comes rich—as well as smooth.

A 7-Up highball is a heart-warming drink. A bracing drink. A pleasure. Won't you join us?

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!



GERMS ARE WINTER SPORTS FANS, TOO

Don't let colds spoil your fun!



Reach for Listerine, morning and night, every time you brush your teeth! Gargle it regularly, all through the "colds season." Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions, on contact. And the more you reduce germs, the less the danger of infection. No wonder Americans use more Listerine than all other mouthwashes combined!



* TUNE IN
"THE GALE STORM SHOW"
ABC-TV NETWORK

Reach for Listerine®

... your No. 1 protection against infection

SPONSOR ILLUSTRATED January 1, 1960

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Henry R. Lane
 WRITING ASSISTANT: Albert L. Parth
 PRESIDENT: Roy E. Lane
 EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Rodley Donovan
 MANAGING EDITOR: Sidney L. Jacobs

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS

Richard W. Johnston
 Andre Lagarde
 John Tibby

ART DIRECTOR: Jerome Snyder

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Artists: Perry Knauth	James Murray
Kate Bowen	Caleb Fleming
Robert Crumey	Frank R. Smith
Andrew Clifton	Whitney Tower
Roger S. Hewlett	Norton Wood
Gerald Holland	Alfred Wright
Martin Kaur	

STAFF WRITERS

Walter Bingham	Morton Lund
Roy Carr	Harold B. Made
Alan Higgins	Colbert Ryan
Harlan Horn	Norbert Redden
Mervyn Ryan	James H. Tice
Turkate Allen Knight	Roy Terrell
Viguan Knish	Jo Abner Zie

PHOTOGRAPHY

FUTURE EDITOR: Gerald Anse

ASSISTANTS: Betty Dink, Dorothy Moss

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER: John G. Zimmerman

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Jerry Cooks	Richard Mack
Leone Dahl-Wolfe	Martin E. Newman
Tom Fowell	Hy Peskin
David Goodson	

COLOR FILM EDITOR: Ben Scholte

WRITER-REPORTERS

CHIEF: Haver Fitzpatrick

Colleen S. Brown

William L. Brown

REPORTERS

Mary Reed	Rose Mary Moberg
Thomas Alderson	Arhe W. Schardt
John Campbell	Conrad Schwartz
Peggy Denney	Jean Simpson
Gay Flood	George Walsh
Frederick Helms	Harvey Winkup
Mary Jane Hodges	Roger Williams
Pamela Jeffrey	

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Roger Bannister	John O'Reilly
Charles Goren	Samuel Friedman
Harold (Red) Grange	Phyllis Fritzer
Fredrick	Harold Rutter
Joseph J. J. Heller	William F. Tallent
Mary Frost Malin	Yvonne
Carlson Marshall	Harold Warren
Yankin	Wind, Golf

ASSISTANT TO THE MANAGING EDITOR

Henry J. Roman

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Anne Dunlop	Eleanor Minkov
Jean Lockhart	Mortie Shuman

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Margaret Harris

PRODUCTION

CHIEF: Arthur L. Seawey

COPY EDITOR: Beatrice Gockel

George J. Bloodgood	Arthur A. Goldberger
Benjamin De Meester	Lena Malstro
Leifing Perrell	John Taylor

LAYOUT

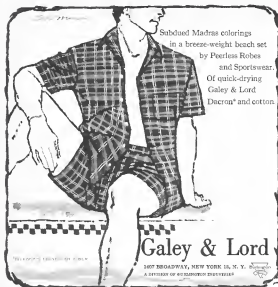
CHIEF: Alfred Zingaro	Mattie Nathan
William Beniston	Catherine Smith
Harvey Gray	
Brenda F. Mulvey	

U.S. & FOREIGN BUREAUS

newspapers: Earl Burton
 Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta,
 Boston, Dallas, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle,
 Anchorage, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Calgary
 CHIEF OF CORRESPONDENTS: James Skelley
 London, The Hague, Paris, Rome, Bonn, Vienna,
 Rabat, Johannesburg, Beirut, New Delhi, Tokyo,
 Hong Kong, Mexico City, Panama City, Rio de
 Janeiro, Buenos Aires
 CHIEF OF CORRESPONDENTS: Ernest John Hughes

PUBLISHER: Arthur R. Murphy Jr.

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: L. L. Callaway Jr.



Subdued Madras colorings
 in a breeze-weight beach set
 by Peerless Robes
 and Sportswear.
 Of quick-drying
 Galey & Lord
 Dacron* and cotton.

Galey & Lord

1607 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 15, N. Y.
 A DIVISION OF MCCLINTON INDUSTRIES

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.



COMFORT!

Comfortable, spacious, quiet, private travel is just one advantage of a fast, modern Piper airplane. Complete schedule flexibility is a big asset, too. Go and return when you want and, for most trips, fly direct, non-stop! Piper offers two outstanding twin-engine executive aircraft—Aztec and Apache, and four fine, economical single-engine craft—Comanche 250, Comanche 180, Tri-Pacer and Caribbean... a plane for every business-building, time-saving transportation requirement.

SEND TODAY for catalog of Piper's models (one of business planes, Piper-5-1). Go one year ahead! Piper dealer.

PIPER AIRCRAFT CORP.
 Lock Haven, Pa.



our Meadowbrook® classic!...
 weightless yet warm raincoat tailored to
 perfection of fine British mercerized cotton
 poplin. Regular 8-20, petite 6-16,
 oyster white. \$30.00, third floor, Fifth Avenue,
 White Plains, Manhattan, Street 1915

Cover: *Impressor Johannes* ▶

Crowned heavyweight champion on a night in June, this remarkably poised young Swede makes an ideal Sportsman of the Year. For his hopes for 1960 boxing see page 18.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman



▶ Jerry Lucas, Ohio State's superlative 6-foot-8-inch sophomore center, is only one of an outstanding crop of new college basketball stars to be introduced by Jerry Tax.

▶ The boot, an ancient instrument of torture, is still used to injure or lacerate the feet of the Tennessee walking horse. Should this device be dropped from shows?

▶ Carlton Mitchell takes a cruise on Cruzan time among the Virgin Islands. Cruzan time means slow down, forget the clock, take it easy, enjoy the sun and the long drink.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: U.S. & Canada \$7.99 per year.



Contents

- 12 **The Best Team You Ever Saw**
Baltimore's Colts won their second world championship to rank as football's finest
- 16 **Two Who Love a Good Fight**
A 70-year-old boxing promoter and a 21-year-old hockey player battle for the best in their sports
- 18 **Sportsman of 1959**
Presenting the Man and a Plan for boxing which he endorses, along with a troop of runners-up
- 37 **Stalemate in the African Bush**
Sportsman James Van Allen sweats out a decisive moment with an angry bull elephant
- 42 **South to Antigua**
A life of lonesome isolation, as lived at the Mill Reef Club in the remote and sunny Leeward Islands
- 51 **Willy Schaeffler's Ski Tip**
First of a winter-long series of inside tips to skiers by the great expert on the shortcircuiting
- 54 **A Bore Watchers' Guide**
Stephen Birmingham tells us how to spot and how to avoid the wild sporting bore

The Departments

- 9 Scoreboard
- 10 Basketball's Week
- 11 Coming Events
- 34 Wonderful World
- 39 Events & Discoveries
- 43 Charles Goren
- 49 Motor Sports
- 51 Ski Tip
- 60 19th Hole
- 62 Pat on the Back

Articles/Advertisements on page 3

REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

MORE JOHNNY'S GREATEST HITS



Small World
Cotton Candy
Graveyard
etc.

JOHNNY MATHIS

8. Also Let It Rain, Stairway to the Sea, Flame of Love, etc.

1812 OVERTURE
TCHAIKOVSKY



1812 Overture
Philadelphia Orchestra
Eugene Ormandy

4. A Night on Bald Mountain, Steps of Central Asia, etc.

PORETT: THE BESS



THE BESS
From The Sound of Music
New York Philharmonic

2. Bess, You Is My Woman Now, It Ain't Necessarily So, etc.

DORIS DAY'S GREATEST HITS



BEWITCHED, IT'S A WONDER, 10 More

1. Also Everybody Loves a Lover, Love Me or Leave Me, etc.

BERNSTEIN
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC



7. 2001 hi-fi delight, "...ten-note sound" — Billboard

FLOWER DRUM SONG
BIRCHMAY
CAST



ROBERTS & HANMERSTROM

38. Complete score of this Rodgers and Hammerstein hit

ELLA FITZGERALD
sings GELSHAM



30. But Not for Me, Fascinating Rhythm, Blue I Love, 9 more

COLUMBIA ^{lp} RECORD CLUB

now offers new members

ANY FIVE

of these \$3⁹⁵ and \$4⁹⁵ high-fidelity 12" long-playing records

FOR ONLY

\$1.97

RETAIL VALUE
up to \$24.90

If you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 200 to be offered during the coming 12 months

MAHALA JACKSON



World's Greatest Gospel Singer

57. 12 hymns: Walk Over the Water, Heaven, Ours is the Rain, etc.

SOUTH PACIFIC
BINGO MARTIN, PINZA



ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST

37. Complete score ... practically new text! — New Yorker

STRAUSS WALTZES
ANDRI KOSTELANETZ



5. Tales from the Vienna Woods, Blue Danube, 8 others

ROMANIAN RHAPSODIES 1 & 2
HUNGARIAN RHAPSODIES 1 & 2



43. A thrilling performance of 4 sparkling melodies

CHOPIN RECITAL
PHILIPPE ENTREMONT



24. Seven brilliant selections played by a great young pianist

ROY HAMILTON
YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE



37. Bob Tide, If I Loved You, Unchained Melody, 9 others

EDDY DUCHIN STORY
ORIGINAL DUCHIN RECORDINGS



51. The Man I Love, Blue Moon, Stardust, Air I Love, 12 more

FRANKIE LAIN'S GREATEST HITS



32. Also That's My Desire, Rose, Rose I Love You, etc.

TCHAIKOVSKY: SWAN LAKE
The Philadelphia Orchestra
Eugene Ormandy



29. A superb recording of this enchanting dance drama

BACH
PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY CHAMBER CONCERTING



47. Anson, Air for the S. String, Come Sweet Death, 5 more

ELLINGTON INDIGOS



43. Solitude, Where or When, Delving in the Dark, 6 more

Dreamy Dancing
Sammy Kaye



32. Remember, Sweet and Lowly, Me, Greater Love, 6 more

... a convenient method of acquiring, systematically and with expert guidance, a record library of the music you enjoy most—at truly tremendous savings!

To celebrate its 5th Anniversary, the Columbia ^{lp} Record Club now makes the most extraordinary offer in its history. As a new member, you may have ANY 5 of the high-fidelity records shown on these two pages — up to a \$24.90 retail value — ALL 5 for only \$1.97.

And what a tremendous selection you have to choose from — 64 records in all! Whether you prefer classical or popular music, Broadway hit shows or jazz — you're sure to find five records to suit your musical taste.

TO RECEIVE YOUR 5 RECORDS FOR \$1.97 — fill in, detach and mail the postage-free card provided. Also be sure to indicate which one of the Club's four musical Divisions you wish to join: Classical, Listening and Dancing, Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz. **HOW THE CLUB OPERATES:** Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding recordings for all four Divisions. These selections are fully described in the Club's entertaining and informative Music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . take any of the wide variety of other records offered in all Divisions . . . or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only obligation as a member is to purchase five selections from the more than 200 Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming 12 months. You may discontinue your membership at any time thereafter.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY: If you wish to purchase as a member after purchasing five records, you will receive a Columbia or Epic Bonus record of your choice free for every two selections you buy — a 50% dividend.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of \$3.98 (Classical and Original Cast selections, \$4.98), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

THIS SPECIAL 5th ANNIVERSARY OFFER may never be repeated! So act now — mail the postage-free card to receive your 5 high-fidelity records for \$1.97!

MORE THAN 7,000,000 FAMILIES NOW ENJOY THE MUSIC PROGRAM OF

COLUMBIA ^{lp} RECORD CLUB

Terre Haute, Indiana



30. Sweet Adeline, for me and by me, Betty Ballou, 13 more



49. A musical landscape... "Innocent Beauty" - High Fidelity



59. Where or When, April in Paris, Red Top, 8 others



55. Rodgers & Hammerstein's fabulous Broadway Musical



60. Pops to Piches, Release of You, Steg You Sincerely, 9 more



55. One of the most melodically beautiful at all symphonies



44. Yankee Doodle, See Them, Feeling Tonight, 21 others



21. "The symphony like it... incomparable" - Oldies



16. "Wondrously, truly priceless comedy" - L.A. Express



36. Superbly played by one of Europe's finest orchestras



40. One Also, Will You Remember, Song of Love, 8 more



53. "An odyssey presently unrecorded" - High Fidelity



54. Heebie Jeebies, Mashed Potatoes, Got No Blues, 9 others



43. "Most exciting recording of this work ever" - Time



17. Pacific Sunset, Steals by Midnight, Yesterday, 9 more



41. Also songs by Prince, Walker, Hart, Houston, etc.



13. "Musical excitement that's hard to beat" - Variety



34. Dance of Beethoven's most popular piano sonatas



22. Waltzes include Lover, Falling in Love With Love, etc.



31. "Beautiful... Impassioned Brilliance" - Chicago Tribune



19. Jeanette Lenoir, April in Paris, La Vie en Rose, 12 more



40. Malaguna, Fine Dance, Gailways, Lake Walk, 10 more



18. Also Blessed Are They That Mourn, Come Ye Saints, etc.



34. All the fire and dash of this extraordinary ballet score



9. Wild Man Blues, Fine and Slow, I Let My Baby, 9 more



35. Also: Wagon, Mr. Sun, Just Walkin' in the Rain, etc.



23. Asaia, Let's Dance, See O'clock Jump, plus 8 others



39. The great Metropolitan tenor sings 12 Italian favorites



15. This musical portrait is a beloved American classic



14. Rain in Spain, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc.



6. Blue Moon, Fools Rush in, Don't Worry 'Til You Get Me, 9 more



10. "Sardine Puccini... fine cast" - New York Times



48. Tico-Tico, My Shave, Beasme Muche, 9 others



26. "The playing is really extraordinary" - High Fidelity



39. The great Metropolitan tenor sings 12 Italian favorites

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD CLUB

celebrates its

5th ANNIVERSARY

with the greatest offer in its history

Limited time only!



56. No, Not Much, Moments to Remember, Istanbul, 9 more



26. "The playing is really extraordinary" - High Fidelity



35. A meeting of 43 hits: Temptation, Tonight, Gipsy, etc.



42. Entremont plays with "pizzazz, a sense of soul, flair" - Time



44. Baby, Sweet Baby, Just You, The Time is Right, 9 others



38. Also: Come On, My House, Beautiful Brown Eyes, etc.



49. My Fanny Valse, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, 10 more

USE THE HANDY POSTAGE-FREE CARD ABOVE TO RECEIVE 6 RECORDS FOR \$1.97

Records for every musical taste!

CLASSICAL • POPULAR • DANCE MUSIC • BROADWAY HITS • JAZZ



United Funds, Inc.

MUTUAL FUND SHARES

UNITED ACCUMULATIVE FUND

A Mutual Fund investing in a diversified list of more than 100 common stocks selected for possible appreciation and income.

UNITED CENTRAL FUND

A Mutual Fund investing for growth possibilities in securities of companies which search for and produce basic raw materials from natural resources.

UNITED INCOME FUND

A Mutual Fund seeking current income through investments in more than 100 American corporations.

UNITED SCIENCE FUND

A Mutual Fund investing for long-term growth possibilities in securities of companies whose growth is based substantially upon scientific research.

Waddell & Reed, Inc.

Principal Underwriters

For Prospectus and descriptive literature, without obligation, fill in and return this advertisement.

Waddell & Reed, Inc.

28 West 16th Street / 40 Wall Street
Kansas City 2, Mo. / New York 5, N. Y.

- ☐ United Accumulative Fund
☐ United Central Fund
☐ United Income Fund
☐ United Science Fund

Name _____

Address _____

10

"OFFICES COAST TO COAST"

MEMO from the publisher

THE OCCASION of naming the Sportsman of the Year is ever a gratifying one for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. This is so not only because it's always fun to hand out bouquets but because in this case the standards for selection are such that they reflect credit both on a man in particular and on sport in general.

This year the story of our Sportsman of the Year has other elements of special significance. For Ingemar Johansson represents a sport, professional boxing, at whose manufacture **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has often had cause

to throw brickbats rather than bouquets. We have invariably done this with constructive purpose, but the fact is that the condition of boxing during our years of publication has offered more to deplore than to praise. The emergence of Johansson and "the manner of his striving" contain encouraging portents for the sport which brings him his present honor. More than that, because Johansson is Swedish, boxing now takes on a sharply international perspective. And it is this circumstance which makes it appropriate for Associate Editor Martin Kane in his story in this issue to present not only a man but a plan.

The plan contemplates the estab-

lishment of an effective international organization to guide professional boxing, which needs one and gives evidence, perhaps for the first time, that it would accept one. The evidence, which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has

been assembling for some time, includes Kane's findings on a recent European trip, taken to sound out prominent officials in boxing abroad. The itinerary involved conferences in Göteborg with Johansson and his adviser, Edwin Ahlquist; in Paris with Edouard Rahret, secretary-general of the European Boxing Un-

ion; and at his home outside London with J. Onslow Fane, president of the British Boxing Board of Control. Wherever he went, Kane found only the most cordial of receptions for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s proposals.

I think you will enjoy reading them and I hope you will also want to give thought to them. When I asked Kane what enforcing authority he thought such an organization might have in a strictly professional sport, he said, "Its only sanctions would be those of public opinion."

That might be more than enough. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** already knows what public opinion has accomplished when brought to bear on the problems of domestic boxing.

Arthur Murphy

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$7.50. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$10.00.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE J. Edward King, General Manager. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 548 Ninth Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please name previous and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change requires aid as well as new address.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 3 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 26, N.Y. - OTHER TIME INC. PUBLICATIONS TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME: Chairman, Maurice T. Moore, President, Roy E. Larsen, Executive Vice President for Publishing, Horace Black, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles E. S. Evans, Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Zimmerman, Vice President, Edgar R. Baker, Bernard Bergen, Clay Burdick, Arnold W. Carlson, Allen Gower, Andrew Houston, C. D. Jensen, J. Edward King, James A. Lurie, Ralph D. Porter Jr., P. L. Pession, William C. Fisher Jr., Connelley and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harney.

SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOXING—Ingemar Johansson, Sportsman of 1959 (see page 18), stepped into ring at Gothenburg, Sweden, last week, not to fight but to second for Swedish Heavyweight Titleholder Algotsson. Ingemar's man showed fine fighting power of his own, scored 5-round TKO over Italian Champion Bruno Scarbellin, advanced another step in eliminations for the European championship, vacated when Johansson became world champion.

Super Ray Robinson, middleweight champion of the world in New York and Massachusetts, returned to the wars after 21 months of after-bragging leisure to pound out TKO over Bob Young in scintilla bout at Boston. Robinson, who said he "wanted to give the people a good show for five or six rounds" was shaken by a left hook in first round. "That changed my mental attitude completely," acknowledged Ray who dropped Young four times in the second before fight was stopped at 1-18. Bout was warmup to championship contest with Paul Fowler in Boston, Jan. 22. Fowler, meanwhile, was called before Massachusetts boxing commission to explain his charges that "boxing is rotten clear through, infected by gangsters and thieves," and should be suspended for five years.

HORSE RACING—Santa Anita celebrated opening of its Silver Jubilee meeting with the 325,000 California Breeders TrialStakes. With Western champion 3-year old of 1959, scratched because of a fever, Willie Shoemaker found his only competition was Noble Noor. Before the largest Santa Anita crowd



T. V. LARK WINS OVER NOBLE NOOR

In over a decade he streaked T. V. Lark through a tight field and dashed home 1/2 of a length ahead of Noble Noor for his fourth of five victories for the day. To celebrate its Silver Jubilee Santa Anita plans to run \$3.5 million worth of purse and stakes races during its 55-day meeting. In 22 meetings since the track opened 25 years ago, more than a billion and a half dollars have been plunked down at its mascot windows, of which \$104,800,000 has gone to state taxes. In past 14 meetings Santa Anita has raised net of \$6.5 million for charity.

FOOTBALL—Both Colleges and pro (National Football League) set all-time attendance records last season; colleges for the sixth straight season, NFL for the eighth. The colleges drew over 19 million fans and the top 10 drew over 50,000 per game. The 12 NFL teams drew more than three million. Seven showed an increase over 1955, only three (Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles) a decrease. Six teams averaged more than 60,000 per game.

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL—BOSTON, leader to NBA Eastern standings, 37 LOUIS, leader in Western Division.

BOATING—MILT GAGNON, New Orleans, driving 265-horse-mph Aquos, won International Grand Prix, Orange Bowl powerboat regatta, Miami.

BOXING—JOE BROWN, world light-midweight champion, 10-round decision over Joey Pera, middleweight, New Orleans.

DAVEY MORRIS, world featherweight champion, 10-round decision over Melito Marini, middleweight, New Orleans.

LOUIS RODRIGUEZ, Cuba, 10-round decision over Bruce Hart, welterweight, Miami.

BENNY PARET, 10-round decision over Charley Scott, welterweight, New York.

GENE ARMSTRONG, 15-round decision over Rudy Allen, welterweight, Camden, N.J.

FIGURE SKATING—SUST MALPERIN, first place, World All-star Senior Women's Championships, Buffalo.

FOOTBALL—PENN STATE over Auburn 5-0, Liberty Bowl, Philadelphia.

TEXAS A&M over LSU 30-7 for NAIA championship, Houston Bowl, Houston.

CLEMONSON over TCU 23-7, Blount Bowl, Houston.

WISCONSIN ALL-STARS over Grey All-Stars 20-0, Monticello, Wis.

NORTH over South 21-17, Miami.

NATIONALS over Southern 21-0, Copper Bowl, Tempe, Ariz.

GOV—LOYD MANGUM, Apple Valley, Calif., winner in Southern California Open after winning 12-0 last time in earlier death playoff against Jack McMillin and Jim Peters, Palo Alto, Calif.

HOCKEY—MONTREAL over DETROIT, second, TORONTO third in NHL standings. Lost two 6-0 series Chicago 4, Boston 3, Montreal 3, Toronto 3, Detroit 3, Chicago 3, Montreal 3, New York 3, Montreal 3, Chicago 3, Detroit 3, Toronto 3, Montreal 3, Detroit 3, Toronto 3, New York 3, Montreal 3, Detroit 3, Toronto 3, New York 3, Chicago 3, Detroit 3, Princeton freshman over St. Paul's School 6-1, in 1958 hockey game since 1908.

HORSE RACING—CLANDESTINE, \$200,000 Pools Santa Anita, 4 1/2 in 1:58 1/4, by 2 1/2 lengths over Fleet Nantahala, Santa Anita, Calif. (Willie Shoemaker) or PROMISED LAND, \$150,000 Bay Meadows Handicap, 1 1/4 in 1:48 5/8, by 1 1/4 lengths over Eddie Delmont, Bay Meadows, Calif.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—GTOL GRABITZ, half mile 1:10, 1/4 mile 1:22 1/2, 1/2 mile 2:45, 3/4 mile 4:05, 1 mile 5:30, 1 1/4 mile 6:55, 1 1/2 mile 8:10, 1 3/4 mile 9:35, 2 miles 10:55, 2 1/4 miles 12:10, 2 1/2 miles 13:25, 2 3/4 miles 14:40, 3 miles 15:55, 3 1/4 miles 17:10, 3 1/2 miles 18:25, 3 3/4 miles 19:40, 4 miles 20:55, 4 1/4 miles 22:10, 4 1/2 miles 23:25, 4 3/4 miles 24:40, 5 miles 25:55, 5 1/4 miles 27:10, 5 1/2 miles 28:25, 5 3/4 miles 29:40, 6 miles 30:55, 6 1/4 miles 32:10, 6 1/2 miles 33:25, 6 3/4 miles 34:40, 7 miles 35:55, 7 1/4 miles 37:10, 7 1/2 miles 38:25, 7 3/4 miles 39:40, 8 miles 40:55, 8 1/4 miles 42:10, 8 1/2 miles 43:25, 8 3/4 miles 44:40, 9 miles 45:55, 9 1/4 miles 47:10, 9 1/2 miles 48:25, 9 3/4 miles 49:40, 10 miles 50:55, 10 1/4 miles 52:10, 10 1/2 miles 53:25, 10 3/4 miles 54:40, 11 miles 55:55, 11 1/4 miles 57:10, 11 1/2 miles 58:25, 11 3/4 miles 59:40, 12 miles 60:55, 12 1/4 miles 62:10, 12 1/2 miles 63:25, 12 3/4 miles 64:40, 13 miles 65:55, 13 1/4 miles 67:10, 13 1/2 miles 68:25, 13 3/4 miles 69:40, 14 miles 70:55, 14 1/4 miles 72:10, 14 1/2 miles 73:25, 14 3/4 miles 74:40, 15 miles 75:55, 15 1/4 miles 77:10, 15 1/2 miles 78:25, 15 3/4 miles 79:40, 16 miles 80:55, 16 1/4 miles 82:10, 16 1/2 miles 83:25, 16 3/4 miles 84:40, 17 miles 85:55, 17 1/4 miles 87:10, 17 1/2 miles 88:25, 17 3/4 miles 89:40, 18 miles 90:55, 18 1/4 miles 92:10, 18 1/2 miles 93:25, 18 3/4 miles 94:40, 19 miles 95:55, 19 1/4 miles 97:10, 19 1/2 miles 98:25, 19 3/4 miles 99:40, 20 miles 100:55, 20 1/4 miles 102:10, 20 1/2 miles 103:25, 20 3/4 miles 104:40, 21 miles 105:55, 21 1/4 miles 107:10, 21 1/2 miles 108:25, 21 3/4 miles 109:40, 22 miles 110:55, 22 1/4 miles 112:10, 22 1/2 miles 113:25, 22 3/4 miles 114:40, 23 miles 115:55, 23 1/4 miles 117:10, 23 1/2 miles 118:25, 23 3/4 miles 119:40, 24 miles 120:55, 24 1/4 miles 122:10, 24 1/2 miles 123:25, 24 3/4 miles 124:40, 25 miles 125:55, 25 1/4 miles 127:10, 25 1/2 miles 128:25, 25 3/4 miles 129:40, 26 miles 130:55, 26 1/4 miles 132:10, 26 1/2 miles 133:25, 26 3/4 miles 134:40, 27 miles 135:55, 27 1/4 miles 137:10, 27 1/2 miles 138:25, 27 3/4 miles 139:40, 28 miles 140:55, 28 1/4 miles 142:10, 28 1/2 miles 143:25, 28 3/4 miles 144:40, 29 miles 145:55, 29 1/4 miles 147:10, 29 1/2 miles 148:25, 29 3/4 miles 149:40, 30 miles 150:55, 30 1/4 miles 152:10, 30 1/2 miles 153:25, 30 3/4 miles 154:40, 31 miles 155:55, 31 1/4 miles 157:10, 31 1/2 miles 158:25, 31 3/4 miles 159:40, 32 miles 160:55, 32 1/4 miles 162:10, 32 1/2 miles 163:25, 32 3/4 miles 164:40, 33 miles 165:55, 33 1/4 miles 167:10, 33 1/2 miles 168:25, 33 3/4 miles 169:40, 34 miles 170:55, 34 1/4 miles 172:10, 34 1/2 miles 173:25, 34 3/4 miles 174:40, 35 miles 175:55, 35 1/4 miles 177:10, 35 1/2 miles 178:25, 35 3/4 miles 179:40, 36 miles 180:55, 36 1/4 miles 182:10, 36 1/2 miles 183:25, 36 3/4 miles 184:40, 37 miles 185:55, 37 1/4 miles 187:10, 37 1/2 miles 188:25, 37 3/4 miles 189:40, 38 miles 190:55, 38 1/4 miles 192:10, 38 1/2 miles 193:25, 38 3/4 miles 194:40, 39 miles 195:55, 39 1/4 miles 197:10, 39 1/2 miles 198:25, 39 3/4 miles 199:40, 40 miles 200:55, 40 1/4 miles 202:10, 40 1/2 miles 203:25, 40 3/4 miles 204:40, 41 miles 205:55, 41 1/4 miles 207:10, 41 1/2 miles 208:25, 41 3/4 miles 209:40, 42 miles 210:55, 42 1/4 miles 212:10, 42 1/2 miles 213:25, 42 3/4 miles 214:40, 43 miles 215:55, 43 1/4 miles 217:10, 43 1/2 miles 218:25, 43 3/4 miles 219:40, 44 miles 220:55, 44 1/4 miles 222:10, 44 1/2 miles 223:25, 44 3/4 miles 224:40, 45 miles 225:55, 45 1/4 miles 227:10, 45 1/2 miles 228:25, 45 3/4 miles 229:40, 46 miles 230:55, 46 1/4 miles 232:10, 46 1/2 miles 233:25, 46 3/4 miles 234:40, 47 miles 235:55, 47 1/4 miles 237:10, 47 1/2 miles 238:25, 47 3/4 miles 239:40, 48 miles 240:55, 48 1/4 miles 242:10, 48 1/2 miles 243:25, 48 3/4 miles 244:40, 49 miles 245:55, 49 1/4 miles 247:10, 49 1/2 miles 248:25, 49 3/4 miles 249:40, 50 miles 250:55, 50 1/4 miles 252:10, 50 1/2 miles 253:25, 50 3/4 miles 254:40, 51 miles 255:55, 51 1/4 miles 257:10, 51 1/2 miles 258:25, 51 3/4 miles 259:40, 52 miles 260:55, 52 1/4 miles 262:10, 52 1/2 miles 263:25, 52 3/4 miles 264:40, 53 miles 265:55, 53 1/4 miles 267:10, 53 1/2 miles 268:25, 53 3/4 miles 269:40, 54 miles 270:55, 54 1/4 miles 272:10, 54 1/2 miles 273:25, 54 3/4 miles 274:40, 55 miles 275:55, 55 1/4 miles 277:10, 55 1/2 miles 278:25, 55 3/4 miles 279:40, 56 miles 280:55, 56 1/4 miles 282:10, 56 1/2 miles 283:25, 56 3/4 miles 284:40, 57 miles 285:55, 57 1/4 miles 287:10, 57 1/2 miles 288:25, 57 3/4 miles 289:40, 58 miles 290:55, 58 1/4 miles 292:10, 58 1/2 miles 293:25, 58 3/4 miles 294:40, 59 miles 295:55, 59 1/4 miles 297:10, 59 1/2 miles 298:25, 59 3/4 miles 299:40, 60 miles 300:55, 60 1/4 miles 302:10, 60 1/2 miles 303:25, 60 3/4 miles 304:40, 61 miles 305:55, 61 1/4 miles 307:10, 61 1/2 miles 308:25, 61 3/4 miles 309:40, 62 miles 310:55, 62 1/4 miles 312:10, 62 1/2 miles 313:25, 62 3/4 miles 314:40, 63 miles 315:55, 63 1/4 miles 317:10, 63 1/2 miles 318:25, 63 3/4 miles 319:40, 64 miles 320:55, 64 1/4 miles 322:10, 64 1/2 miles 323:25, 64 3/4 miles 324:40, 65 miles 325:55, 65 1/4 miles 327:10, 65 1/2 miles 328:25, 65 3/4 miles 329:40, 66 miles 330:55, 66 1/4 miles 332:10, 66 1/2 miles 333:25, 66 3/4 miles 334:40, 67 miles 335:55, 67 1/4 miles 337:10, 67 1/2 miles 338:25, 67 3/4 miles 339:40, 68 miles 340:55, 68 1/4 miles 342:10, 68 1/2 miles 343:25, 68 3/4 miles 344:40, 69 miles 345:55, 69 1/4 miles 347:10, 69 1/2 miles 348:25, 69 3/4 miles 349:40, 70 miles 350:55, 70 1/4 miles 352:10, 70 1/2 miles 353:25, 70 3/4 miles 354:40, 71 miles 355:55, 71 1/4 miles 357:10, 71 1/2 miles 358:25, 71 3/4 miles 359:40, 72 miles 360:55, 72 1/4 miles 362:10, 72 1/2 miles 363:25, 72 3/4 miles 364:40, 73 miles 365:55, 73 1/4 miles 367:10, 73 1/2 miles 368:25, 73 3/4 miles 369:40, 74 miles 370:55, 74 1/4 miles 372:10, 74 1/2 miles 373:25, 74 3/4 miles 374:40, 75 miles 375:55, 75 1/4 miles 377:10, 75 1/2 miles 378:25, 75 3/4 miles 379:40, 76 miles 380:55, 76 1/4 miles 382:10, 76 1/2 miles 383:25, 76 3/4 miles 384:40, 77 miles 385:55, 77 1/4 miles 387:10, 77 1/2 miles 388:25, 77 3/4 miles 389:40, 78 miles 390:55, 78 1/4 miles 392:10, 78 1/2 miles 393:25, 78 3/4 miles 394:40, 79 miles 395:55, 79 1/4 miles 397:10, 79 1/2 miles 398:25, 79 3/4 miles 399:40, 80 miles 400:55, 80 1/4 miles 402:10, 80 1/2 miles 403:25, 80 3/4 miles 404:40, 81 miles 405:55, 81 1/4 miles 407:10, 81 1/2 miles 408:25, 81 3/4 miles 409:40, 82 miles 410:55, 82 1/4 miles 412:10, 82 1/2 miles 413:25, 82 3/4 miles 414:40, 83 miles 415:55, 83 1/4 miles 417:10, 83 1/2 miles 418:25, 83 3/4 miles 419:40, 84 miles 420:55, 84 1/4 miles 422:10, 84 1/2 miles 423:25, 84 3/4 miles 424:40, 85 miles 425:55, 85 1/4 miles 427:10, 85 1/2 miles 428:25, 85 3/4 miles 429:40, 86 miles 430:55, 86 1/4 miles 432:10, 86 1/2 miles 433:25, 86 3/4 miles 434:40, 87 miles 435:55, 87 1/4 miles 437:10, 87 1/2 miles 438:25, 87 3/4 miles 439:40, 88 miles 440:55, 88 1/4 miles 442:10, 88 1/2 miles 443:25, 88 3/4 miles 444:40, 89 miles 445:55, 89 1/4 miles 447:10, 89 1/2 miles 448:25, 89 3/4 miles 449:40, 90 miles 450:55, 90 1/4 miles 452:10, 90 1/2 miles 453:25, 90 3/4 miles 454:40, 91 miles 455:55, 91 1/4 miles 457:10, 91 1/2 miles 458:25, 91 3/4 miles 459:40, 92 miles 460:55, 92 1/4 miles 462:10, 92 1/2 miles 463:25, 92 3/4 miles 464:40, 93 miles 465:55, 93 1/4 miles 467:10, 93 1/2 miles 468:25, 93 3/4 miles 469:40, 94 miles 470:55, 94 1/4 miles 472:10, 94 1/2 miles 473:25, 94 3/4 miles 474:40, 95 miles 475:55, 95 1/4 miles 477:10, 95 1/2 miles 478:25, 95 3/4 miles 479:40, 96 miles 480:55, 96 1/4 miles 482:10, 96 1/2 miles 483:25, 96 3/4 miles 484:40, 97 miles 485:55, 97 1/4 miles 487:10, 97 1/2 miles 488:25, 97 3/4 miles 489:40, 98 miles 490:55, 98 1/4 miles 492:10, 98 1/2 miles 493:25, 98 3/4 miles 494:40, 99 miles 495:55, 99 1/4 miles 497:10, 99 1/2 miles 498:25, 99 3/4 miles 499:40, 100 miles 500:55, 100 1/4 miles 502:10, 100 1/2 miles 503:25, 100 3/4 miles 504:40, 101 miles 505:55, 101 1/4 miles 507:10, 101 1/2 miles 508:25, 101 3/4 miles 509:40, 102 miles 510:55, 102 1/4 miles 512:10, 102 1/2 miles 513:25, 102 3/4 miles 514:40, 103 miles 515:55, 103 1/4 miles 517:10, 103 1/2 miles 518:25, 103 3/4 miles 519:40, 104 miles 520:55, 104 1/4 miles 522:10, 104 1/2 miles 523:25, 104 3/4 miles 524:40, 105 miles 525:55, 105 1/4 miles 527:10, 105 1/2 miles 528:25, 105 3/4 miles 529:40, 106 miles 530:55, 106 1/4 miles 532:10, 106 1/2 miles 533:25, 106 3/4 miles 534:40, 107 miles 535:55, 107 1/4 miles 537:10, 107 1/2 miles 538:25, 107 3/4 miles 539:40, 108 miles 540:55, 108 1/4 miles 542:10, 108 1/2 miles 543:25, 108 3/4 miles 544:40, 109 miles 545:55, 109 1/4 miles 547:10, 109 1/2 miles 548:25, 109 3/4 miles 549:40, 110 miles 550:55, 110 1/4 miles 552:10, 110 1/2 miles 553:25, 110 3/4 miles 554:40, 111 miles 555:55, 111 1/4 miles 557:10, 111 1/2 miles 558:25, 111 3/4 miles 559:40, 112 miles 560:55, 112 1/4 miles 562:10, 112 1/2 miles 563:25, 112 3/4 miles 564:40, 113 miles 565:55, 113 1/4 miles 567:10, 113 1/2 miles 568:25, 113 3/4 miles 569:40, 114 miles 570:55, 114 1/4 miles 572:10, 114 1/2 miles 573:25, 114 3/4 miles 574:40, 115 miles 575:55, 115 1/4 miles 577:10, 115 1/2 miles 578:25, 115 3/4 miles 579:40, 116 miles 580:55, 116 1/4 miles 582:10, 116 1/2 miles 583:25, 116 3/4 miles 584:40, 117 miles 585:55, 117 1/4 miles 587:10, 117 1/2 miles 588:25, 117 3/4 miles 589:40, 118 miles 590:55, 118 1/4 miles 592:10, 118 1/2 miles 593:25, 118 3/4 miles 594:40, 119 miles 595:55, 119 1/4 miles 597:10, 119 1/2 miles 598:25, 119 3/4 miles 599:40, 120 miles 600:55, 120 1/4 miles 602:10, 120 1/2 miles 603:25, 120 3/4 miles 604:40, 121 miles 605:55, 121 1/4 miles 607:10, 121 1/2 miles 608:25, 121 3/4 miles 609:40, 122 miles 610:55, 122 1/4 miles 612:10, 122 1/2 miles 613:25, 122 3/4 miles 614:40, 123 miles 615:55, 123 1/4 miles 617:10, 123 1/2 miles 618:25, 123 3/4 miles 619:40, 124 miles 620:55, 124 1/4 miles 622:10, 124 1/2 miles 623:25, 124 3/4 miles 624:40, 125 miles 625:55, 125 1/4 miles 627:10, 125 1/2 miles 628:25, 125 3/4 miles 629:40, 126 miles 630:55, 126 1/4 miles 632:10, 126 1/2 miles 633:25, 126 3/4 miles 634:40, 127 miles 635:55, 127 1/4 miles 637:10, 127 1/2 miles 638:25, 127 3/4 miles 639:40, 128 miles 640:55, 128 1/4 miles 642:10, 128 1/2 miles 643:25, 128 3/4 miles 644:40, 129 miles 645:55, 129 1/4 miles 647:10, 129 1/2 miles 648:25, 129 3/4 miles 649:40, 130 miles 650:55, 130 1/4 miles 652:10, 130 1/2 miles 653:25, 130 3/4 miles 654:40, 131 miles 655:55, 131 1/4 miles 657:10, 131 1/2 miles 658:25, 131 3/4 miles 659:40, 132 miles 660:55, 132 1/4 miles 662:10, 132 1/2 miles 663:25, 132 3/4 miles 664:40, 133 miles 665:55, 133 1/4 miles 667:10, 133 1/2 miles 668:25, 133 3/4 miles 669:40, 134 miles 670:55, 134 1/4 miles 672:10, 134 1/2 miles 673:25, 134 3/4 miles 674:40, 135 miles 675:55, 135 1/4 miles 677:10, 135 1/2 miles 678:25, 135 3/4 miles 679:40, 136 miles 680:55, 136 1/4 miles 682:10, 136 1/2 miles 683:25, 136 3/4 miles 684:40, 137 miles 685:55, 137 1/4 miles 687:10, 137 1/2 miles 688:25, 137 3/4 miles 689:40, 138 miles 690:55, 138 1/4 miles 692:10, 138 1/2 miles 693:25, 138 3/4 miles 694:40, 139 miles 695:55, 139 1/4 miles 697:10, 139 1/2 miles 698:25, 139 3/4 miles 699:40, 140 miles 700:55, 140 1/4 miles 702:10, 140 1/2 miles 703:25, 140 3/4 miles 704:40, 141 miles 705:55, 141 1/4 miles 707:10, 141 1/2 miles 708:25, 141 3/4 miles 709:40, 142 miles 710:55, 142 1/4 miles 712:10, 142 1/2 miles 713:25, 142 3/4 miles 714:40, 143 miles 715:55, 143 1/4 miles 717:10, 143 1/2 miles 718:25, 143 3/4 miles 719:40, 144 miles 720:55, 144 1/4 miles 722:10, 144 1/2 miles 723:25, 144 3/4 miles 724:40, 145 miles 725:55, 145 1/4 miles 727:10, 145 1/2 miles 728:25, 145 3/4 miles 729:40, 146 miles 730:55, 146 1/4 miles 732:10, 146 1/2 miles 733:25, 146 3/4 miles 734:40, 147 miles 735:55, 147 1/4 miles 737:10, 147 1/2 miles 738:25, 147 3/4 miles 739:40, 148 miles 740:55, 148 1/4 miles 742:10, 148 1/2 miles 743:25, 148 3/4 miles 744:40, 149 miles 745:55, 149 1/4 miles 747:10, 149 1/2 miles 748:25, 149 3/4 miles 749:40, 150 miles 750:55, 150 1/4 miles 752:10, 150 1/2 miles 753:25, 150 3/4 miles 754:40, 151 miles 755:55, 151 1/4 miles 757:10, 151 1/2 miles 758:25, 151 3/4 miles 759:40, 152 miles 760:55, 152 1/4 miles 762:10, 152 1/2 miles 763:25, 152 3/4 miles 764:40, 153 miles 765:55, 153 1/4 miles 767:10, 153 1/2 miles 768:25, 153 3/4 miles 769:40, 154 miles 770:55, 154 1/4 miles 772:10, 154 1/2 miles 773:25, 154 3/4 miles 774:40, 155 miles 775:55, 155 1/4 miles 777:10, 155 1/2 miles 778:25, 155 3/4 miles 779:40, 156 miles 780:55, 156 1/4 miles 782:10, 156 1/2 miles 783:25, 156 3/4 miles 784:40, 157 miles 785:55, 157 1/4 miles 787:10, 157 1/2 miles 788:25, 157 3/4 miles 789:40, 158 miles 790:55, 158 1/4 miles 792:10, 158 1/2 miles 793:25, 158 3/4 miles 794:40, 159 miles 795:55, 159 1/4 miles 797:10, 159 1/2 miles 798:25, 159 3/4 miles 799:40, 160 miles 800:55, 160 1/4 miles 802:10, 160 1/2 miles 803:25, 160 3/4 miles 804:40, 161 miles 805:55, 161 1/4 miles 807:10, 161 1/2 miles 808:25, 161 3/4 miles 809:40, 162 miles 810:55, 162 1/4 miles 812:10, 162 1/2 miles 813:25, 162 3/4 miles 814:40, 163 miles 815:55, 163 1/4 miles 817:10, 163 1/2 miles 818:25, 163 3/4 miles 819:40, 164 miles 820:55, 164 1/4 miles 822:10, 164 1/2 miles 823:25, 164

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

Inquisitive New Yorkers—some 18,339 of them—who filled Madison Square Garden to watch Cincinnati and its marvelous Oscar Robertson in the Holiday Festival weren't disappointed. Little St. Bonaventure, far from the homey Olean (N.Y.) Armory where it has won 89 straight, tried desperately to bell the marauding Bearcats but merely succeeded in muzzling them for a half, finally bowed 96-56. The Bonnies, led by howling Sam Stith, crowded the Cincinnati middle for a while, but Robertson, with substantial help from talented pro-type Playmaker Ralph Davis and Sophomore Paul Hogue, a strong-bodied 6-foot 9-inch rebounder, scuffed the basket to overflowing in the last eight minutes and finished with 47 points for a new Festival record.

In other first-round games Dartmouth spun in and out of a zone, sag and press to slow down unbeaten NYU, but still the Violets won 78-68; Iowa, making the most of moving blocks and aggressive ball-handling by pint-sized Guards Ron Zagar and Mike Heitman, defeated jittery St. John's 91-84; St. Joseph's, down 16 points midway in the second half, sufficiently confused Massachusetts with a sipping, pressing zone to overhaul the usually meticulous Jaspers 84-70.

Precedence came off three defeats by Bradley, St. Louis and St. John's to sneak past touring Santa Clara 62-60. However, the Californians returned home reasonably satisfied after beating St. Bonaventure 69-48 and Connecticut 54-47. Canisius edged Pitt 89-82 and Wisconsin trounced Boston College 96-82 in the Queen City tournament. The top three:

1. NYU (8-0)
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (6-1)
3. LA SALAS (6-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

Georgia Tech's Yellow Jackets buzzed into Dallas with high hopes and a 13-game winning streak only to discover that SMU was not impressed by either. The Mustangs shrewdly gave up the outside to Roger Kaser (who scored 25 points), protected the inside with careful seamanship and left it up to showboating Max Williams (30 points) and Rebounder Steve Strange (19 points) to outshoot and outdefend Tech. They did, and SMU won 80-71. Next night, Georgia Tech Coach John (Whack) Hyder changed his strategy. He moved ball-handling whiz Dave Denton to the high post, and it paid off with a 63-60 victory over Texas Tech.

Texas A&M and Texas were idle, but TCU

managed to throw a scare into Oklahoma City before the speedy Chiefs let loose with a 25-point burst in the last 8½ minutes to win 74-63. The top three:

1. SMU (8-2)
2. OKLAHOMA CITY (8-0)
3. TEXAS A&M (6-0)

THE SOUTH

Things were fairly quiet in the South. West Virginia, with impressive victories over St. Louis (87-80) and Kentucky (79-70) and the Kentucky Invitational trophy safely tucked away in its treasure chest, headed west to try its luck in Los Angeles, while Kentucky, Georgia Tech and North Carolina sadly nursed their bruises. However, things were looking up for Duke after the Blue Devils beat Navy 76-71 in the Birmingham Classic final.

Kentucky perked up a bit in outlast tenacious Temple 97-92 as veteran Bill Lickert pulled out of his slump to score 27 points. But the Wildcats had all kinds of trouble containing Bill (Pickles) Kennedy, who sifted through the Kentucky defenses for 29 points. With Ohio State and Georgia Tech in the immediate offing, Coach Adolph Rupp put his finger squarely on Kentucky's weak spot. "We just don't have that big and dangerous man," moaned The Baron. "We don't have anybody to go get 'em."

Mississippi's unbeaten string came to an abrupt end in the Watauga Invitational at Johnson City, Tenn., where little East Tennessee State shocked the Rebels 79-60. But State's dream of success was short-lived. Virginia Tech, with Chris Smith commanding the boards and scoring 30 points, whooped The Buccaneers 74-36 in the final.

Louisville, beaten by Cincinnati 97-74, recovered sufficiently to trounce Alabama 84-54 and then was forced to a semifinal to hold off rallying Wittenberg 59-46. The top three:

1. WEST VIRGINIA (8-0)
2. GEORGIA TECH (7-1)
3. DUKE (6-1)

THE WEST

Two coaches with a single objective—Ohio State's Fred Taylor and Utah's mugging Jack Gardner—matched fast breaks and precocious sophomores for 40 thunderous minutes. When it was all over, the faster Utes had tumbled the Buckeyes 97-92 and the sophs wound up in a Mexican standoff, 32 points and 17 rebounds for Ohio State's 6-foot 8-inch Jerry Lucas; 31 points and 17 rebounds for Utah's 6-foot 9-inch Billy (The Hill)



GIANT STEP by Utah's Billy McGill helps him look over outstretched hand of Ohio State's Jerry Lucas. The Utes won 97-92.

McGill, Utah then took apart College of Pacific 72-58.

Brigham Young also cut itself a slice of fun, upsetting Michigan State 79-75 on Gary Earnest's two free throws and layup in the last 34 seconds. But BYU couldn't stand up to Ohio State and Lucas. The final score 91-79. California guarded Michigan State half to death, overwhelmed the Spartans with hulking Darrell Imhoff and beat them 71-60 for its 22nd straight. The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (8-0)
2. UTAH (8-0)
3. SANTA CLARA (7-0)

THE MIDWEST

While Big Tenners Ohio State and Michigan State were getting their lumps in the West, Indiana was making time at home. The fast-breaking Hoosiers, taking their cue from Cornerman Frank Radovich and Boardsweeper Walt Bellamy, ran down Butler 91-85 and Notre Dame 71-60 to win the Hoosier Classic at Indianapolis.

Iowa (see THE EAST) and Illinois, too, were showing signs of life. The ball-hawking Illini gained prestige by dumping Marquette 69-77 and added to it with a 69-57 win over deliberate Oklahoma.

Cincinnati drubbed Missouri Valley Joe Bradley 86-71 before taking off for New York, but the Bearcats will have to reckon with a St. Louis team that is beginning to show more than Center Bob Nordmann's muscles. The Ballikens found a sparkplug guard in Sophomore George Latinovich and came out of the Kentucky Invitational with a 68-52 victory over North Carolina. Back home they beat Kansas 66-59 and Creighton 84-66. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (7-4)
2. OHIO STATE (5-1)
3. ST. LOUIS (4-2)

COMING EVENTS

January 1 to January 7

All times are E S T

★ Color television ♦ Videotape ■ Network radio

Friday, January 1

- BOATING**
Frischets Regatta, Port Washington, N.Y. (through Jan. 3)
- BOXING**
■ McNeely vs. Logan, boxing, 10 eds., Mad Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- FOOTBALL**
■ Orange Bowl, Georgia vs. Missouri, Miami, 12:45 p.m. (CBS)
■ Cotton Bowl, Syracuse vs. Texas, Dallas, 1 p.m. (ABC)
■ Sugar Bowl, Minnesota vs. Louisiana State, New Orleans, 1:45 p.m. (NBC)
■ Rose Bowl, Washington vs. Wisconsin, Pasadena, Calif., 4:45 p.m. (NBC)
- HORSE RACING**
San Gabriel Handicap, \$25,000 added, Santa Anita, Calif.
- TELEVISION**
USSTA Girls' Indoor champs, final day, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Saturday, January 2

- BASKETBALL (college)**
California at USC
DePaul at Cincinnati
Georgia Tech at Kentucky
Iowa at Minnesota
- Michigan State at Wisconsin (Big Ten Regional Sports Network)
Purdue at Indiana
St. Louis at Bradley (ppv)
Rosen at Philadelphia (ppv at St. Louis)
- New York at Cincinnati, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
- FOOTBALL**
■ East-West Shrine Game, San Francisco, 4:45 p.m. (NBC)
■ Gator Bowl, Arkansas vs. Georgia Tech, Jacksonville, 2 p.m. (CBS)
- GOLF**
■ All-Star Golf series, Men's vs. DeVereaux, Apple Lake, Calif., 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)
- HORSE RACING**
Malibu Stakes, \$25,000 added, Santa Anita, Calif.

Sunday, January 3

- BASKETBALL (pro)**
■ Boston at Syracuse, 2 p.m. (NBC)
Cincinnati at Detroit
New York at St. Louis (radio)
- Hawks-Gladiators vs. Baltimore Bockets (with double match between Gibson and Fagerson in half-time bonus), White Plains, N.Y., 3 p.m. (CBS)
- GOLF**
■ World Championship Golf series, Wheat vs. Ragan, Rochester, 4:30 p.m. (NBC)

Monday, January 4

- BASKETBALL (college)**
California at USC
Illinois at Ohio State
Indiana at North Carolina
Iowa at Wisconsin
Montana at Utah (ppv)
Philadelphia at Boston

Tuesday, January 5

- BASKETBALL (college)**
 Baylor at Texas A&M
Purdue at West Virginia
Kentucky at Vanderbilt

Wednesday, January 6

- BASKETBALL (college)**
Lafayette vs. Carolina, Villanova vs. Duquesne at Philadelphia
- BOXING**
■ Stank vs. Hubbard, welter, 10 eds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- HOCKEY**
Chicago at New York
Detroit at Toronto

Thursday, January 7

- BASKETBALL (college)**
Cincinnati at Wichita
Houston at St. Louis
- HOCKEY**
Chicago at Boston
- SKATING**
Midwestern Figure Skating champs, Minneapolis (through Jan. 9)
- See local listings.



NORTH CAROLINA



Mid-South Golf for Mid-Winter Doldrums

Now is the time to put the snap back into you and your game! Nearly 200 North Carolina Golf Courses—including the famed Mid-South group of Pinehurst, Southern Pines, Tryon, Sedgefield and Wilmington. The greens are greener, the air is cleaner and your golf finer in North Carolina.

Ride, hunt, or just relax in the congenial atmosphere of these warm Mid-South resorts.

Dept. of Conservation and Development, Room 613, Raleigh, North Carolina
Please send my North Carolina "Golf Package" to:

Name _____
(Please print name and address)
Street _____
City _____ State _____



**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**

JANUARY 4, 1960



THE BEST TEAM YOU EVER SAW

by **TEX MAULE**

The Baltimore Colts earned the tribute in again beating the Giants to retain their world football championship

It was not the best football game ever played, but it was won by probably the best football team that ever played. A superlative performance earned the Baltimore Colts their world title for the second straight year. Their defense, the best in the business, stifled the good Giant attack for 59 minutes and 28 seconds, allowing New York a touchdown when the game was already well won, and this fourth-quarter team exploded once again in the final period to score 17 points against a defense that can now only be rated as pro football's second best.

But for nearly three-quarters of

this very tough game, the New York Giants, using a percentage defense set up by their brilliant assistant coach, Tom Landry, held the Colt attack well in check. "We decided to gamble on Lenny Moore," Landry explained. "You can't cover all of the Colt offensive weapons. We wanted to stop their running game and provide double coverage on Raymond Berry and Jim Mutscheller. That meant we had to cover Moore with one man—Lindon Crow. We figured that Moore might, in the course of the game, get two touchdowns, but we figured that we could get more than that. I thought we

might win by something like 17-14 or 21-17 if the defense worked. And it did work, too."

Moore got one of the touchdowns expected of him in the Colts' first offensive series. Unitas called a pass to Berry, but the league's best receiver was covered tenaciously by two Giants. So Unitas faked a throw to Berry, then turned and whipped a hard, fast pass to Moore. Moore hesitated briefly, then faked out and cut in cleanly, and he caught the pass three steps ahead of Crow on the Giant 35 and went in for the touchdown unscathed.

This was to be the pattern of the Colt success later in the game. Seldom did Unitas try long passes, and the Colt running game was effectively

continued

HERO UNITAS (19) cocks arm to throw to receiver Berry (52), who has stolen a vital step on Giant defender Dick Lynch (22).

60-YARD RUN to touchdown by Lenny Moore, another key to Colt victory, follows a brilliant pass from Quarterback Unitas.



throttled by the strong Giant line and linebackers. ("We think short to get long gains," Baltimore Coach Weeb Ewbank explained. "And you don't like to throw long against a guy like Patton. He covers an awful lot of ground after the ball is in the air.")

The Giant attack was moving well during the first half. Charlie Conerly took advantage of the tight 4-3 defense the Colts opened with to send Clifford and Webster wide around the ends on quick pitchouts. When he found that the Colt middlelinebacker, Dick Szymanski, was flying out to the flank the moment he made a motion to throw wide, Conerly faked the throw and handed the ball to Triplett, who rambled through a gaping hole in the middle of the Baltimore line and ran 28 yards to the Colt 16. The Colts adjusted their defense, setting the corner linebackers to stop the sweeps, and the Giants finally settled for the first of the three field goals locked by Pat Summerall.

The second Giant field goal came seconds before the end of a second quarter which was played on even terms. Conerly, throwing into the zone defense of the Colts, was com-

pleting key passes well, but when he moved his team downfield the Colt defense grew tighter and tighter as the area in the zones covered by Colt defenders dwindled. It was late in this period that the first of some key injuries to Giant personnel occurred. Jim Patton injured the arch of his left foot and limped out of the game. He was replaced by Bill Scits, a good defensive back, but his loss was to cost the Giants dearly in the violent fourth quarter.

Now, however, with the Giants covering Colt receivers so well that time and again Unitas was forced to take a loss when he could not find an open target, Patton's absence did not seem so vital. Immediately after Patton left the game, Unitas was thrown for losses on successive plays, and the Giants ended the period by driving 52 yards in five plays to set up Summerall's curving 37-yard field goal, which Colt Defensive Captain Gino Marchetti vehemently maintained had gone wide.

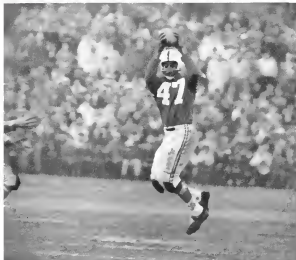
A third Summerall field goal gave the Giants the lead early in the third period, and at this point in the game the New Yorkers appeared to have established control. ("This is a game of momentum," Landry said later,

"We had good momentum then. We were moving the ball well. Charlie wasn't getting as much protection as he has in the past, but Schneiker was doing a great job and we were rolling. When we lost that momentum, the Colts took it over and we never got it back.")

The Giant momentum died late in the third period on the same kind of play which cost them the championship in the sudden-death playoff in 1958. With fourth down and a yard to go on the Baltimore 28, the Giants went for the yard instead of trying another field goal. Alex Webster took a quick hand-off into the left side of the Colt line and was stopped cold. The Colts took over and built up a momentum which grew with the speed of a snowball rolling downhill.

Unitas, who had been having poor success trying to run against the Giants, now went into a double wing T formation in order to pass. This left only his fullback for pass protection and, had Patton been available in the deep secondary, the Giants might have chased Unitas out of this formation by blitzing—sending the linebackers in after him to get him before he could throw. But Patton was on the sidelines, and the Giants needed their linebackers to help on pass defense. The Colt double wing forced them into covering Berry and Moore each with only one man, and Unitas, early in the fourth period, hit Berry for a 17-yard gain, then passed to Moore on a quick slant. Moore caught the ball on a dead run, moving with the high knee action which makes him very difficult to tackle, and Crow, coming in fast, dived at Moore's legs and caught a knee on the side of his head. Stunned, he fell away from the tackle, and Moore went on down to the Giant 14. Landry's gamble on Moore's getting two touchdowns was very nearly exactly right, for he scored one and set up this one, scored by Unitas on a roll-out and run from the Giant four-yard line. Unitas got a strong block from Moore; he ran to Crow's side and Crow, had he not been still dazed from the blow on the head, might have reacted quickly enough to reach Unitas.

The touchdown gave the Colts a 14-9 lead, but more importantly it shifted the control of the game to Baltimore. The Giants now began to gamble with the long pass, a fatal mistake against the very fluid, very quick zone defense of the Colts.



JOHNNY SAMPLE, CAT-QUICK COLT DEFENDER. LEAPS TO INTERCEPT A CONERLY PASS

Under tremendous pressure from a Colt defensive line which was consistently beating the Giants on the snap of the ball, Conerly threw a long pass down the middle which was intercepted by Andy Nelson and returned to the Giant 14. If the measure of a great team is its ability to score in the wake of an opponent's mistake, the Colts proved their ability here. Unitas sent Berry on a pattern which took him into the Giant end zone, bringing a Giant defender with him, then tossed a short pass to rookie End Jerry Richardson, who ran 12 yards for the touchdown. Again this pass was to the side where Patton normally defends.

The zone defense the Colts use can be beaten, but only by very precise execution of pass patterns complemented by precise passing. "The Browns beat it by making no mistakes," Landry said. "They never hung a ball up there and they threw short and under the Colt backs and they threw exactly. If you throw poorly into this kind of defense, you'll get interceptions. The Colts can gamble on you getting an occasional hard touchdown because they can score so quickly themselves. You need a great offense if you use this kind of defense."

In the face of the inexorable rushing of Art Donovan and Gene Lipscomb and Gino Marchetti and Don Joyce, Conerly was not throwing exactly. On the Giants' first series after the third Colt score, he threw off balance, far downfield toward Gifford, and Johnny Sample, a tremendously fast Colt defensive back, raced in front of Gifford to intercept the pass and return it 42 yards for a touchdown.

"I was playing the middle in the three-man-deep zone," Johnny said. "I saw Gifford come into my zone and I looked for the ball and I knew I could beat him to it."

He picked off another pass, this one thrown by Gifford, to set up the field goal which closed the Colt scoring. Again he did it on a dead run, free to play the ball in the zone defense. The Giants scored a meaningless touchdown after that, and it ended 31-16.

Strangely enough, the Giants went into this game with almost overweening confidence. The two dressing rooms before the kickoff were dramatically different. On the New York side players were relaxed. Big Rosy Grier napped on the floor, and the other



THE COLT DEFENSE, THE BEST THERE IS, THROTTLED A GIANT RUN BY ALEX WEBSTER

players dressed with no sign of tension or worry. There was an attitude of quiet assurance, and you felt, watching them, that these old pros were not entertaining a thought of defeat.

The Colt dressing room was electric. A photographer, trying for pregame pictures, got only a glimpse through a door quickly opened and as quickly shut in his face. "Not now," Ray Berry told him. "They are pretty keyed up. You might make some of them mad." The Colts were fully dressed 30 minutes before taking the field, and they sat

before their lockers in strained silence.

After the game the ebullient Baltimore fans made an earnest attempt to tear down the steel goal posts and more or less succeeded. Vice-President Nixon, who visited both dressing rooms and even inquired after Mel Triplett's sore throat, was surrounded by a small knot of autograph seekers as he left the stadium. "Nixon and Unitas for President?" one Republican fan shouted, and Nixon laughed. "Not a bad team," he commented. "But if we do it, I'll let Johnny call the signals." **END**

TWO WHO LOVE A GOOD

A SILVERY OLD EAGLE

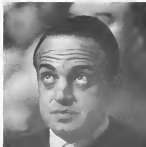
THE FINEST DECADE prizefighting ever knew was that of the '20s. Out of it this week there stepped the short, round figure of a septuagenarian wearing in his lapel the rosette of the Italian Legion of Honor and proposing to become The Promoter of the Sixties. He is Humbert J. Fugazy, which rhymes with crazy.

But Humbert J., who is best known as Jack, is far from crazy. He has a record of shrewd, daring and mostly successful promotion behind him, a record deriving from a time when his competitor was no less than the formidable Tex Rickard.

To promote the return match between Heavyweight Champion Inge-

mar Johansson and Floyd Patterson (see page 23), Fugazy was the chosen instrument of Roy M. Cohn, hitherto most controversially known as legal counsel to the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. Around Cohn and Fugazy there was formed a group of backers—businessmen with no special interest in boxing. This group bought the return-bout contract which had been the property of Vincent J. Velella, an East Harlem politician who is now under indictment for perjury, and Bill Rosensohn, whose matchmaker's license has been suspended. The contract may or may not have had binding value, in view of these developments and their relation to a morals clause Johansson had insisted on, but its possession did give the Cohn-Fugazy combine at least a psychological jump on their competition—mainly Joe Tepper, a former functionary of the New York State Athletic Commission who had made two futile flights to Sweden in an effort to close a deal with Johansson (SI, Dec. 7). This week Cohn and Fugazy, along with Fugazy's nephew, William D. Fugazy, and Thomas A. Bolan, a legal associate of Cohn, were in Stockholm with a similar idea in mind. Fugazy also brought along Tommy Loughran, the former light heavyweight champion, who is on friendly terms with both the Patterson and Johansson camps. They were there primarily to present their credentials

ASPIRING promoters are led by silvering Humbert J. Fugazy, his nephew William Fugazy (left) and Roy M. Cohn (below).



FIGHT

to Johansson and his adviser, Edwin Ahlquist, both of whom have said that no final deal will be made until they have checked with the New York commission. This will be done later in January, when Johansson and Ahlquist come to the U.S. It now seems probable, however, that firm agreement will be reached by the end of January and that Jack Fugazy will be established as next June's promoter in New York.

"It was Cohn who put this whole thing in motion," Fugazy said as he prepared for the trip to Sweden. "He is a lawyer, but he will not just be counsel to the promotion. He will be an active participant."

Fugazy, who will be a spry 73 on January 28, would be the first genuinely professional promoter to handle a heavyweight championship fight on a risk basis from start to finish since Patterson won the title. (Jack Hurley promoted the Patterson-Pete Rademacher fight for a riskless fee.) His last brief reappearance as a promoter was when he co-promoted the Sugar Ray Robinson-Charley Frazier bout for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund in 1950. Engaged in the travel agency business with his nephew, he had retired from boxing after three deaths in his family disheartened him. That was during the '30s, but in the previous decade he had made a name for himself. In 1926 his light heavyweight title bout between Paul Berlenbach and Jack Delaney drew \$461,789 and 49,186 fans into Ebbets Field—which is still a record for the division. On another notable Fugazy card Mickey Walker and Harry Greb fought for the middleweight title, while in the preliminaries Harry Willis met Charlie Weinert and Jimmy Slattery fought Dave Shade.

And some 18 years before then Fugazy was himself a fighter, though briefly, boxing in the membership clubs of New York. His dignified banker father put a stop to that after Fugazy's 11th fight.

Now he is back in boxing again, or hopes to be.

"It's a wonderful feeling," he said. "I love a good fight."



A GOLDEN YOUNG BLACK HAWK

THIS WEEK blond and buoyant Bobby Hull (above) of the fifth-place Chicago Black Hawks reaches the age of 21. Last week, when he was only 20, mind you, he rose to the top of the National Hockey League's tight scoring race with 22 goals and 22 assists, thus displacing the Boston Bruins' Bronco Horvath, who had led the league from the start of the season. Handed his first pair of skates and a hockey stick when he was only four, Hull has now played in 181 straight

games since coming to the Hawks three seasons ago. He is also moving up rapidly among the league's bad boys (42 penalty minutes), gaining on the way a reputation as one of its busier scrappers. Middleweight Spider Webb said he would fight Hull "if I had a hockey stick in my hand." Hull's play in the last 15 games (13 goals, 10 assists and three hat tricks) has rejuvenated Chicago's hopes for a spot in March's Stanley Cup playoffs, after a poor early-season start.

For the revelation of pure excellence

INGEMAR JOHANSSON

The Sportsman of the Year

1954 ROGER BANNISTER

1955 JOHNNY PODRES

1956 BOBBY MORROW

1957 STAN MUSIAL

1958 RAFER JOHNSON



THIS GRECIAN VASE, or symphora, is the trophy that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED awards to its Sportsman of the Year. The original, which dates from about 510 B.C., is on permanent display in the Time & Life Building in New York. A reproduction is given each year to that individual who, in the opinion of the editors, has most closely approached the degree of excellence suggested by the ancient Greek concept of *arete*—a unity of virtues of mind and body to which the complete man of every age must aspire. Victory in sport is usually his, but it is not for victory alone that he is honored. Rather, it is for the way he has competed, his manner, his attitude, his acceptance of the responsibilities of his fame. Whether his achievement was over an extended period of time or only for an hour or for an instant, it was such that his fellow men could not fail to recognize it as the revelation of pure excellence—*arete*. The five previous winners of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sportsman of the Year award are listed above. Martin Kane's story of Ingemar Johansson, the Sportsman of the Year for 1959, begins on page 23.

Photograph by Mark Kossman—LIFE

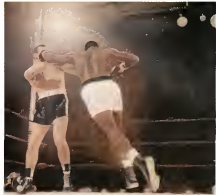






*In Russell Hoben's painting, commissioned by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Patererson is
downs for the seventh and last time and Johansson is the new champion of the world*

Moment of victory:



THE MAN AND THE PLAN

Ingemar Johansson won world acclaim by winning the heavyweight championship. As Sportsman of the Year he now lends his support to a blueprint to save boxing

by **MARTIN KANE**

THE JUNE DRIZZLE stopped and the puddle-shiny cover on the Yankee Stadium ring was rolled back. Down the soggy aisles trooped the champion and his challenger, surrounded by their handlers. The roar of the crowd swelled. Champion Floyd Patterson and Ingemar Johansson had come up to sport's most dramatic scratch, the line that separates the heavyweight champion of the world from his challenger.

In less than nine minutes of fighting the main issue was settled by a single punch—a punch that had been decided as a publicity man's hoax. But this punch soon raised a cloud of other vital issues, still unsettled. Ingemar Johansson, an obscure Swede, suddenly became the world's champion and thereby turned the world of boxing upside down. For the first time

since the days of the freakish Primo Carnera a European was heavyweight champion, the fifth such champion born outside the U.S. since John L. Sullivan established the modern title.

It was to some extent coincidence, to another extent much more significant than coincidence, that Ingemar Johansson's assumption of the championship marked the end of an era in boxing. It had been an era of American domination, an era of glory, but also an era of shame, in which U.S. prizefighting had rotted to a dirty business in the hands of monopolists and hoodlums working in cahoots.

Ingemar had almost instant personal experience of this and as a result has come to some pertinent conclusions which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has long shared (see box on next page).

"Boxing is in a bad state around

the world," he told **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** last week. "It needs a new international organization to control it to decide who are the champions and what contenders they should fight. This organization will be useless without the full support of the U.S. The purpose of this organization must be to restore public confidence in boxing, which has been badly hurt by scandals and to protect the fighters, who have been too often manipulated by powerful promoters and unscrupulous managers."

It is not surprising that Champion Ingemar should hold such convictions. Whatever his fighting ability may prove to be in the reckonings of history, and only time will tell us that, the blond, smiling, soft-spoken Johansson is gifted with a special greatness, a compound of brawn and personality. He is master of a style that no professional has yet been able to solve, master of a punch that has knocked out 14 of 22 opponents, including Eddie Machen, who was the No. 1 contender before Ingemar took him out in one round. In these days when so many contenders are half-baked, he fought Patterson coolly and shrewdly with the poise of a genuine professional, nullifying the champion's speed of hand with his own speed of foot, staving him off with a relentless barrier jab, saving the big right hand for the right big moment. When that moment came the right exploded, just as he had

continued

**Ingemar's
defensive
skill**

The excitement of Ingemar's big right-hand punch drove from many a ringsider's memory the fact that the challenger fought with superb defensive skill, as Hy Peskin's pictures clearly show. Patterson never could penetrate the Swede's barrier jab or even reach him with one of his famous leaps (upper left). The frustrated Floyd found his punches coolly blocked, ducked and slipped. Then Ingemar threw his big right.

said it would (81, June 22), a straight punch precisely designed to penetrate Patterson's peck-a-boo defense as no book could do.

Those who know Johansson best say his left hook is almost as good as his straight right, that he adapts to any opponent's style, moving in on counterpunchers as he wisely stayed away from Patterson's attempts to start those swift combinations. His is a cool head in a hot fight.

His class shows in other ways, too. It shows in his sense of fun, in his good business sense and in his determination to maintain the integrity of his good name in a sport that can well use an extra helping of integrity.

For these reasons—what he has done in the past year, what he is and what he stands for—Ingemar Johansson is **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S** Sportsman of the Year 1959. As such he is eminently worthy to stand with his distinguished predecessors, sportsmen of other years: Roger Bannister 1954, Johnny Podres 1955, Bobby Morrow 1956, Stan Musial 1957 and Rafer Johnson 1958.

With Johansson's stunning victory the person of the world heavyweight champion suddenly became important again. Floyd Patterson, a natural reclus, had been willingly all but obscured from public view by Manager Gus D'Amato. The new champion, a natural extrovert, has come much more sharply into public view and proved to be the very prototype of the clean, intelligent and independent athlete whom neither promoter, manager nor hoodlum can shove around. Europe idolizes him and he is now known in America for more than his good right hand. In television appearances his natural personality rivaled the practiced charms of Dinah Shore, with whom he sang a respectably melodious duet. In a TV version of Ernest Hemingway's *The Killers*, he won a solid hand of critical applause. He has made a movie, too, which will enhance his personal appeal.

Johansson's introduction to prize-fighting in the U.S. would have disillusioned a lesser man. Confronted with the prime opportunity of his career, an opportunity he clearly deserved after the Machen victory, Johansson was told brusquely that he



INTERNATIONAL CONTROL was first attempted by J. Oswald Fane of Britain.

would not get his chance until he signed what he was later to describe as a "slave contract." Under it a man he had never heard of would collect 10% of his earnings (reduced from an original demand for 33½%) and tell him where and when and whom he could fight. Shortly before the fight he personally made this dark deal public. The New York State boxing commission then denounced the scheme and Ingemar was free, free to

DRAFT CONSTITUTION FOR A WORLD

I. PREAMBLE

Recognizing that professional boxing has an international character and provides enjoyment for millions throughout the world; and Considering that its international character requires that standards of integrity and fair competition be adopted and adhered to in all countries concerned; There is hereby established a world professional boxing association (hereinafter referred to as the Association), to achieve the purposes and carry out the functions set forth below.

II. PURPOSES

The Association shall have the following purposes:

- 1) to foster and assist professional boxing as an international sport through mutual collaboration and maintenance of standards of integrity and fair competition;
- 2) to assure the selection of world champions in accordance with such standards and to seek to solve controversies and differences that may arise in this respect;
- 3) to assist in the elimination of restrictive practices and discriminatory treatment in professional boxing and to promote fair and open competition.

III. THE COUNCIL OF THE ASSOCIATION

1) The governing body of the Association shall be a Council composed of representatives of national boxing commissions (or their equivalent), each of which

shall designate two members, provided that in the case of the United States the National Boxing Association shall appoint two members and the Boxing Commissions of California, Illinois and New York one each.

2) The Council shall designate by election an additional group of members not exceeding one-half of the total number of representatives referred to in paragraph 1. Such additional members shall be chosen from among individuals of high standing in their community who have demonstrated an interest in professional boxing. They shall be elected with due regard to the relative importance of professional boxing in their countries and without restriction as to nationality.

IV. THE FUNCTIONS OF THE COUNCIL

The Council shall carry out the following functions so as to achieve the purposes set forth in Article II above:

- 1) It shall after due consideration adopt principles and standards to govern professional boxing, with the objective of assuring fair and open competition for the championship and eliminating restrictive practices and tie-in arrangements;
- 2) It shall collect, analyze and make public information relating to the application of the principles and standards referred to above;
- 3) It shall receive and consider complaints submitted



INGEMAR'S ADVISER, Edwin Ahlquist, strongly urges worldwide control.



FRENCH LEADER, Edouard Rahmet, endorses the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* plan.

fight Floyd Patterson on honest, sporting terms.

Then, after the fight, it developed that one of the promotion's hidden backers, introduced to the sport by Promoter Bill Rosenzohn, had been a gangster named Tony (Fat) Salerno. The disclosure led to suspension of licenses right and left and to a perjury indictment for Salerno's lawyer, Vincent J. Velella, charged with being a front man for the gangster.

Before this happened, however, Johansson found himself adroitly maneuvered, quite as if by accident, into the company of James D. Norris and Truman Gibson of the dissolved and disreputable old International Boxing Club. The idea was to tie the new champion at least indirectly to the organization most responsible for the decadence of prizefighting. Ingemar forthrightly said he would have none of it.

"I will not have anything to do with gangsters," he declared publicly. "I will not fight for the IBC."

Because of his experiences with Rosenzohn and the double-dealing that surrounded the first promotion, Johansson has since shown an intelligent caution about tying up with any promoter until the candidate is first thoroughly examined for probity. A highly professional man when a dollar is involved, he is also dedicated to boxing as a sport and resents the cheap chicaneries of fast-buck hunters. His true feeling for prizefighting is as amateur as his love of fishing, sports cars, light planes and hacker's golf, none of which will ever make him a kroon. He is distressed by the state of prizefighting in the U.S.

The sad and, at the same time, happy fact is that Johansson's big punch came at a time when boxing in America had only two places left to go—up or out. Johansson came to greatness in the year that boxing fell to a new low state. True, in the past few months the accumulated poisons of the James D. Norris-Frankie Carbo entente have undergone a purge

continued

PROFESSIONAL BOXING ASSOCIATION

by any member or by its Executive Secretary regarding a breach of the principles and standards adopted by it and shall announce its decisions regarding such complaints;

4) It may recommend to national boxing commissions general or specific measures to be adopted for the conduct of professional boxing, and where appropriate, the participation of individuals in the management, promotion or exhibition of boxing matches.

V. PROCEDURE OF THE COUNCIL

1) The Council shall adopt its rules of procedure, including rules for the convening of sessions and for carrying out its functions between sessions;

2) Each member of the Council shall have one vote, and decisions shall be made by a majority of the votes cast;

3) The Council may establish such committees as are necessary for its functions, including committees to hear and report on complaints that principles and standards have been breached. Final decisions shall however only be made by the Council.

VI. EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

1) The Council shall appoint an Executive Secretary and fix his conditions of service, tenure and compensation;

2) The Executive Secretary shall appoint such assistants as he may require within the budgetary limits set by the Council and in conformity with such rules

as the Council may adopt;

3) The Executive Secretary shall carry out tasks assigned to him by the Council, including such investigations and studies as the Council may authorize. He shall in general act as the chief administrative officer of the Association;

4) The Executive Secretary and his staff shall not seek or receive instructions in respect of the performance of their duties from any organization or individual outside of the Association. During their tenure, they shall have no professional activities in the field of boxing other than their duties for the Association.

VII. FINANCIAL PROVISIONS

1) The Council shall adopt an annual budget covering all expenses of the Association;

2) Each boxing commission which has designated representatives to the Council shall contribute annually a proportionate share of the expenses as determined by the Council. Such apportionment of expenses shall be made with due regard to the relative activity in professional boxing in the areas concerned;

3) Any boxing commission which is in arrears for two years or more in its contribution shall lose the right to vote and may be expelled by the Council from participation in the Association;

4) Voluntary contributions from organizations or individuals may be received by the Association in accordance with rules laid down by the Council.

of sorts by various courts and commissions, but the purge has been far too mild and the patient remains gravely ill. To survive, it must be cured of a whole syndrome of complaints—flabby controls, mobster domination, irresponsible sponsorship and self-gulled friends who protest that everything is fine. The sport's friends have compromised too long. The showdown period is now.

Boxing has the man—Ingemar Johansson—who has struck the blow for good against evil. Now what it needs is a plan.

Unlike baseball, the "world" championship of which is determined entirely within the U.S., boxing is a genuinely international sport. Its effective regulation must therefore be truly international, at least as far as the conduct of championship fights and the designation of leading contenders are concerned.

To study the possibilities of international control, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* retained a United Nations technical expert in development of international agreements, then questioned boxing leaders in Europe and the U.S. about his proposals. The expert drafted a constitution for international control of the sport, defining its purposes as:

- 1) To foster professional boxing as an international sport through collaboration and maintenance of standards of integrity and fair competition;
- 2) To assure the selection of world champions in accordance with such standards and to seek to solve controversies and differences that may arise in this respect;
- 3) To assist in the elimination of restrictive practices and discriminatory treatment in boxing and to promote fair and open competition.

The proposed organization's governing body would be a council representing boxing organizations around the world.

The Council would, among other duties:

- 1) Receive complaints and render decisions;

- 2) Recommend measures for the conduct of boxing;

- 3) Designate leading contenders;
- 4) Require champions to defend their titles at appropriate intervals.

The Council would have an executive secretary who, with his assistants, would make such investigations and studies as the Council required.

That is the gist of the proposed plan. Its design is simple. Putting it into effect will not be so simple. There are obvious roadblocks and these will be encountered mostly in

Leonards and Canzonieri. But the drive that accounted for U.S. domination has decelerated more and more in the years of economic acceleration.

Boxing came to greatness in America, and great American boxers were developed, because the sport offered opportunities of truly bonanza proportions to recently arrived ethnic groups and to the recently freed Negro. It was, Horatio Alger notwithstanding, at one time the only escape hatch from grinding poverty for boys of the lowest economic order

and the lowest educational level. At first Irish and Germans were most prominent, later Jews and Italians, most recently Negroes and a few Puerto Ricans. But today's prosperity and the concurrently sorry economics of prizefighting have combined to militate against the development of American fighters. Most American fighters cannot earn a living by fighting alone. Free TV network shows have ruined the small clubs where American boxers once learned the trade and made a good livelihood while learning.

There is no good reason now for America to be the center of boxing. Of the 88 champions and ranked contenders in the world, 55.6% are now from outside the U.S., an unprecedented proportion. Twenty years ago this percentage was 37.5.

We have all but abandoned the two lightest divisions—the bantam and flyweight—which once were so exciting. Not a single American is ranked in either division. Even the television promoters have made no effort to revive interest in the little men, apparently unaware that a flyweight looks as big as a heavyweight on the 21-inch screen and puts on a far better show of speed and skill than some of the lumbering behemoths we are being treated to.

Nor are we doing so well in our historic specialty, the heavyweight division. We have lost the championship to Sweden. Even before that, our top rankers of the moment—Eddie Machen, Zora Folley and Willie

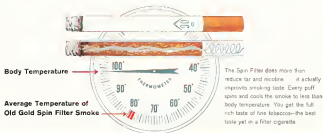


INTENSE, SERIKHAN PATTERSON WAITS FOR THE RETURN BOUT

the U.S., which, ironically, has done most to glorify the sport and most to corrupt it. Such "controls" as there are in the U.S. are manned by the boxing commissions of the several states and the National Boxing Association, a quasi-official organization composed of 46 state commissions. But American boxing organizations, official, quasi or unofficial have never been able to work with each other on a national basis, let alone with foreign agencies.

Indifference to international controls was much more understandable when the U.S. dominated boxing through the magnificence of its Sullivans, Dempseys, Tunneys, Louises,

Old Gold's **Spin Filter** spins and cools
the smoke to less than body temperature



and the cooler the smoke
...the better the taste!

THE BEST TASTE YET IN A FILTER CIGARETTE

Here are 7 good reasons why you'll be happier driving a Mercury — and for only \$72* more than a car with a "low-price name"



- ① NEW ROAD-TUNED WHEELS (see diagram at left) make any road seem twice as smooth. ② EFFORTLESS POWER FOR PASSING. No lag, no hesitation. New gas-saving Marauder engines deliver up to 310 hp. ③ MORE LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS. You get a do luxe interior even in the lowest priced Mercury at no extra cost. ④ MORE ROOM, LESS FATIGUE. Mercury is planned for people. There's real comfort for six not just four. ⑤ LOWER PRICES than last year on every model...reductions up to \$188. ⑥ GREATER PRESTIGE. Watch them watch you! It's Mercury's new styling — so clean, so elegant. ⑦ MORE LUGGAGE SPACE. Vacation size — up to 34.5 cubic feet.



Now at new low prices **1960 MERCURY**

DON'T BUY ANY CAR UNTIL YOU'VE DRIVEN THE ROAD-TUNED 1960 MERCURY

*Based on manufacturer's suggested delivered price for a 1960 Mercury Monterey 3-door Sedan v. comparable 1960 model of popular "low-price name" car, both with automatic transmission, heater and defroster, radio, white sidewall tires, air cleaner, oil filter, power-assisted steering, wheel covers and electric clock; also includes Federal Excise tax, suggested dealer preparation and handling charges.

AND A BOW TO THE REST

Here are some others who vied with Ingo Johansson for the title of Sportsman of the Year. Picked by Sports Illustrated's experts, they are first citizens of the world of sport

Drawing by Joe Kaufman

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S WRITERS, PORTRAYED BY JOE KAUFMAN, GATHER AROUND AMPHORA TO DISCUSS SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR



IT WAS THE YEAR of the Johansson-Patterson fight and the revolution in boxing, but it was also the year the Yankees lost the pennant, the year Casey Stengel was humiliated by a dismal third-place finish. To Al Lopez, who beat Casey, an admiring bow, and to one of Al's key players a special salute (*see next page*). It was a rare baseball year: an unknown with the Washington Senators named Harmon Killebrew turned into a sensational slugger, and the Los Angeles Dodgers, seventh in 1958, won not only the National League pennant but the World Series as well. College football was shot through with upsets, which stimulated everyone except those who had to play Syracuse. Pro football, on the other hand, followed form: the New York Giants and the Baltimore Colts were the big fellows again. Track and field brought the Soviet Union and the U.S. together in Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, and while the competition was strong, the spirit of amity was evident everywhere. Not so, unhappily, in the area of the Olympics, where the question of Nationalist China vs. Communist China caused an uproar and got Avery Brundage into another headline hassle. There was a hassle in our editorial offices, too. Everyone agreed that Ingemar Johansson was a splendid choice for Sportsman of the Year, but the question of who deserved special recognition as runners-up provoked a few arguments. Our experts, who cover everything from pro football (Tex Maule) to modern pentathlon (Alice Higgins), settled on the 15 people pictured on the following pages.

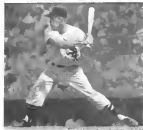
CONTINUED

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL *Charlie Conerly*

Charlie Conerly, quarterback of the New York Giants, is lined and gaunt after a dozen years of professional football, but he continues to take with aplomb the physical beating which is his occupational hazard. Sidelined with injuries at midseason, he returned to fire up a sluggish Giant attack to an exciting peak of efficiency. In gratitude the Giants had a "day" for Conerly, and admirers gave him stocks and bonds, two automobiles, seed for his cotton farm in Mississippi, a Guernsey calf. Charlie accepted the salute graciously, but with a minimum of emotion; not too many years earlier, Giant fans had waved banners from the stands saying "Go Home, Conerly!" Charlie took the banners of the bad days and the gifts of the good with the same poised control. That poise, or confidence, is the mark of the superb athlete and is the rare, almost magical quality that enables a man like Conerly to turn a fair team into a very good one.

**BASEBALL** *Nelson Fox*

Jacob Nelson Fox is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds, a set of measurements he arrives at by cheating. Without spikes he is an inch shorter, and without the most cheek-distorting chew of tobacco in all baseball he would weigh at least a pound less. He cannot run very fast or throw very hard, and if he hits five home runs a season he is having an exceptional year. Yet Nellie Fox was the Most Valuable Player in the American League in 1955. What Nellie does is learn to win, and to accomplish this he plays baseball as hard as he can, all the time. He is held in vast respect by his opponents, in virtual reverence by his teammates and friends. He has fought and thought his way to becoming the best second baseman in either league, a canny, outlike fielder and a wizard at punching and chopping hits with his stubby, barrel-shaped bat. This past season he hit .306 and led the Chicago White Sox to their first pennant in 40 years.

**GOLF** *Sam Snead*

It is platitudinous to pile praise on Sam Snead, but what else is there to do? At 47 he still plays golf as well as anyone ever has. Art Wall started the season well with his performance on the winter circuit, but after he won the Masters he wasn't able to hold the same competitive edge. Billy Casper's victory in the Open was only a momentary explosion. More will be heard from Jack Nicklaus, the 19-year-old Ohioan who won the National Amateur, and Deane Beman, the Maryland youth who brought back the British Amateur. But 1959 was the year when Sam Snead shot That Incredible 59 at Greenbrier, the finest round of golf ever played in major competition, and it was also the year when Sam entranced millions of armchair fans by winning 13 consecutive matches and \$28,500 on the weekly TV golf program. Certainly no one had more impact on golf during the year than the aging—or ageless—Sam Snead.

**MOTOR SPORTS** *Jack Brabham*

Automobile racing invested two outstanding new champions in 1959. Roger Ward, the chunky and affable Indianapolis Wacker, stood head and shoulders above all the drivers on the U.S. big-car circuit. Yet, despite Ward's memorable year, 1959's top honors more rightly belong to that quiet and able Australian driver, Jack Brabham, who rose from comparative obscurity to win the FIA world driving championship, a title that goes with the best over-all performance in Grand Prix cars. Brabham's dramatic performance at Sebring in December in the first modern Grand Prix run in the U.S. impressed everyone not only with Jack's gifts as a driver but also with his gutsy competitive spirit. If Grand Prix racing ever achieves the popularity it deserves in this country, Jack Brabham can certainly take a bow. At Sebring, as well as on the courses of Europe, he epitomizes all that U.S. sports buffs like to find in their heroes.



COLLEGE FOOTBALL *Billy Cannon*

Billy Cannon, Louisiana State's fabulous halfback, looks so much like a football player that you sometimes wonder if he is real. He is a good-looking boy, with a well-shaped, handsome head set on tremendous shoulders. His arms are big and muscular, his waist narrow, his legs extremely powerful. At 6 feet 1 inch he weighs a rock-hard 205 pounds and can run 100 yards in 9.5 seconds. He has been a special target for every LSU opponent, but in the past two seasons his team won 20 of its 31 games and nobody ever really stopped Cannon. "Billy," says a teammate, "isn't the kind who scores five touchdowns against Podunk U. He's the kind who runs 89 yards in the last quarter to beat Mississippi." Once considered on the verge of juvenile delinquency because of a minor teen-age mishap, Billy Cannon—married, father of three small girls, twice All-America, winner of the Heisman Trophy—has grown up to be a very fine young man.



TENNIS *Neale Fraser*

Neale Fraser hit the Australian tennis scene simultaneously with Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, who ruled amateur tennis from 1953 through 1956. When the two became professionals in 1957, Fraser continued in a subordinate role behind two new Aussies, Ashley Cooper and Mal Anderson. In 1959 Cooper and Anderson, too, turned pro, but Neale, by now a venerable 26, was still overshadowed—by his youthful teammate Rod Laver and by America's imported Peruvian, Alex Olmedo. Persistent and determined, Fraser put new teeth into his strong service, cured the flaws in his backhand, and in Davis Cup play suddenly blossomed forth as the big man of tennis, the star. He beat the glamorous Olmedo, won his other singles match, too, and teamed with Roy Emerson to win the doubles. Later, in the U.S. singles, he trounced Olmedo again to clinch his right to be called the best amateur tennis player in the world.



TROTTING *Jean Riand*

Unknown to American trotting fans and unfamiliar with our racing traditions, Jean Riand and his horse Jamin arrived in New York last July as France's representative in the first International Trotting Championship. Riand and Jamin won that race, and they won a number of other important events as they later toured the country. Yet it was not their victories alone which attracted thousands of spectators to the tracks they visited and created countless new fans, but the force of Jean Riand's warm Gallic personality—which transcends trotting as Sam Snod's transcends golf, and as no other personality in harness racing has done before. Of course, Riand's considerable skill as a trainer and as a driver left a lasting impression on American trotting experts, too. He is a figure to be reckoned with in future international competitions, which his highly successful visit to this country has done much to foster.



SWIMMING *Tsuyoshi Yamanaka*

By emphasizing their leg power, the small Japanese literally kicked their way past the giants of the swimming world a quarter of a century ago. But in the past four years, as the Australians re-emphasized the arm stroke and led the world back to a proper style of crawl swimming, superiority returned without question to the larger men. But for all the disadvantage of their small stature, the Japanese last year were back at the top. The 5-foot-6-inch, 150-pound Tsuyoshi Yamanaka, who has lived most of his life by the Sea of Japan but who swims now more like an Australian, set world records at 200 and 400 meters and led his teammates to a new world record in the 800-meter free-style relay. In the next few months the redoubtable Jon Korman of Australia will probably be swimming all-out and doubtless dominating the sport once again but, by the record, the year just past belongs to Yamanaka of Japan.



BASKETBALL *Jack Twyman*

For five years in a row Jack Twyman has been one of professional basketball's star players and top scorers, although his team, the Cincinnati Royals, has seldom been out of last place. But for all his skills, it is more his selfless devotion to his teammate, Maurice Stokes, that makes Twyman stand out as a sportsman. Since March 15, 1958, when Stokes was suddenly stricken by a paralyzing brain disease, Twyman has dedicated himself to Maurice's rehabilitation. He had himself appointed Stokes's legal guardian, has raised thousands of dollars to pay for the extremely costly round-the-clock care that Stokes has required and has been continually at his side during the long ordeal. At the same time, he has maintained his own exceptionally high level of playing skill. Happily, Maurice Stokes at last shows signs of emerging from his paralysis, a welcome tribute to his own courage and to Jack Twyman's dedication.

**MODERN PENTATHLON** *Igor Novikov*

Modern pentathlon, originally a test of the talents of a military courier in hostile country, is a demanding competition that consists of five days of intense competition in: 1) cross-country riding, 2) fencing, 3) shooting, 4) swimming, 5) cross-country running. A superb pentathlete, Igor Novikov of the Soviet Union shoots well, and his prowess in fencing, swimming and running is almost legendary. Only in riding does he have trouble; he is a big man and if he draws a horse that has difficulty carrying his weight he can lose valuable points steepchasing across country. At the 1959 world championships in Hershey, Pa., the first ever held in the U.S., Novikov turned in a smart, cautious, perfectly paced ride, moving steadily but avoiding any spills or delays that could have ended his chances on the first day. Once past that first day, the incomparable Novikov swept on for the third time to the individual world title.

**SKIING** *Betsy Snite and Penny Pitou*

The most exciting news in skiing in 1959 was the emergence of the Americans as first-rate international competitors. The most impressive victories, and the most significant in light of the forthcoming Winter Olympics, were those by two pretty girls from New England, Betsy Snite and Penny Pitou. Touring Europe together last winter, they ran up three firsts and three seconds in major meets against the best racers on the Continent, showing a consistency of style and a maturity of competitive attitude that has occasionally been lacking among U.S. skiers in the past. While winning races, they also managed to keep on winning friends both for themselves and the U.S., a thing which ambitious young competitors sometimes forget to do in the strain and pressure of competition on the fast-moving European circuit. For this reason, as well as for their victories, they merit joint recognition as skiers of the year.

**AND THE SUPPORTING CAST**

There were other sportsmen to remember. If Ingemar Johansson won the most exciting fight of the year, certainly Floyd Patterson helped make it so by struggling to his feet from knockdowns seven times on that seamy June night in Yankee Stadium. Who can argue that Patterson, the man, did not grow in stature with his defeat? Harvey Haddix was a loser,

too, but in losing he won the attention of the nation. No major leaguer ever pitched as fine a game as Harvey did against the Milwaukee Braves—12 perfect hits, runless, walkless innings—before he lost 1-0 in the 13th, and that is what people remember. They should also remember that when the game was over, Haddix was as graceful in defeat as he

had been on the mound: no bitterness, no complaints, nothing but high regard for his Pittsburgh Pirate teammates who had been unable to score the one run that would have given Harvey the most precious victory of his career. Bert Bell died, watching a football game, and with his death came the belated realization that he had been the finest commissioner sport had ever had. Bell took over as head of the National Football League in 1946 and had ruled firmly and fair-

TRACK & FIELD *Ray Norton*

Ray Norton is a tall, beautifully muscled man who can sprint 100 yards faster than anyone else in the world. He has, since he reached maturity, always been physically capable of doing this. But only in the past year was he able to mesh his physical ability with the psychological ingredient that allowed him to use his great gift completely. Two seasons ago Norton was a great sprinter against mediocre competition. Last season he was a great sprinter against any competition. The difference between Norton in 1955 and Norton in 1959 was the acquirement of grace under pressure, a skill he was taught by his coach, Bud Winter of San Jose State College. Ray learned to relax rather than tense up in the driving, all-out dashes, and he is now the best sprinter in the world. He won both the dash events in the AAU, Russia-U.S. and Pan-American meets in 1959, and he will very likely win both in the Olympics at Rome in 1960.



HORSE RACING *John W. Hanes*

The horse of the year was Sword Dancer, the jockey Eddie Arcaro, the trainer Elliott Stryker, the owner Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane, but in the end the year 1959 belonged to a bustling business executive named John W. Hanes, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the New York Racing Association. Hanes, as head of the NYRA, clinaxed the reorganization of racing in New York State, where the sport had been in the doldrums for ages, by opening a vast new track in New York City. Glistening new Aqueduct enjoyed a huge success from both financial and sporting points of view and had a strong influence on horsemen throughout the country. Leaving future seasons to answer the question of whether supercommercialized plants like Aqueduct will eventually render racing too much of a business and not enough of a sport, it is evident that John Hanes, although a subject of controversy, revitalized the finances of horse racing.



ICE HOCKEY *Dickie Moore*

It was always the blight of some vaudevillean's life—some juggler, some sword swallower, some one-man band—to be killed behind Johnson. None of them liked it and few of them profited by it, but somehow they did it. For six years Dickie Moore of the Montreal Canadiens found himself in a similar position, behind Maurice Richard. He gathered what goals he could get and accepted modestly any applause that was left over for those after Richard. Two years ago, with Maurice a little older, a little more brittle, Dickie Moore began to fill the great man's skates. In 1957-58 he led the National Hockey League in scoring with 84 points. In 1958-59 he led it again, and when his scoring total (96 points—41 goals and 55 assists) went into the books, there sat beside it an asterisk. The asterisk meant: "New National Hockey League Record." Dickie Moore of the Canadiens was the player of the year, a headliner in his own right.



ly. More than any other person, Bert Bell was responsible for the wonderful popularity of professional football.

But there were triumphs, too, for others in sport. Pete Dawkins, the All-America from West Point who is in England on a Rhodes scholarship, had trouble with Rugby at the start—the rules are different and the game is tough—but he came on to play for Oxford against Cambridge in the British equivalent of the Army-Navy game. Thus, Peter Dawkins won his

Blue, another signal honor for this remarkable young man. Wilt Chamberlain, the giant 7-footer who has been the talk of basketball since his high school days, joined the Philadelphia Warriors of the NBA and amazed that league of skilled professionals as he averaged well over 30 points a game. Johnny Kelley, a smiling, 29-year-old Connecticut schoolteacher, won the marathon at the Pan American Games to become the first American to win an international

marathon since Johnny Hayes at the London Olympics in 1908.

And there was the sports fan—a little overweight now, a little bald, a little gray. He deserves a salute, too, for that one marvelous approach he hit last April on the long 14th hole, or the knuckle ball he threw to his boy one evening on the side lawn, or the pass he laid right in his nephew's hands Thanksgiving afternoon, just before the turkey. Take a bow, reader, even if it's only a small one. **END**



BAREFOOT IN SUNLIT GYM, YOUTHFUL CHAMPION BEVERLEY DOES ARM EXERCISES, MATCHES THE MEDICINE-BALL MOVEMENTS



LUMBERJACKING WITH SKI TEACHER SEPP KESSLER IS ALL IN DAY'S WORKOUT



TUMMY-TOUGHENING BACKBENDS FIND REV

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

A SKI CHAMPION GETS READY

At 21, Beverley Anderson of Mul-
lan, Idaho is the North American
Alpine skiing champion and holder of
the national giant slalom and down-
hill titles. Early this month she will
be competing against such veterans
of international racing as Betsy Smithe
and Penny Pitou for the six places on
the U.S. Women's Olympic Alpine
Skiing Team. It is no time for a cham-
pion to be resting on her ski poles,
and this charming champion isn't resting.

"Nothing in excess but training,"
says Beverley of her life lately at As-
pen, Colo., where she has evolved a
muscle-toning regimen which ranges
from lugging logs to mothering medi-
cine balls, with touches of mountain
climbing, tennis, bicycling and gym-
nastics, too. Most surprising exercise
of all is the ski-less ski run shown at
right, a testing downhill descent on
foot that makes doing the same thing
on skis seem like the lazy way. These
activities are the foundation of her
Olympic preparation, but by no
means the end of it. Beverley's stren-
uous training includes skiing, too.
Turn the page for head-on proof.

Photographs by Forest Berke

OF HER INSTRUCTOR

TRIUMPHANT. INSTRUCTOR TAGE PEDERSEN SLIGHTLY DOWNCAST



DOWNHILL WITHOUT SKIS IS UPHILL WORK FOR A SKIER

AFTER medicine-ball workouts and the like (see preceding page), Beverley Anderson takes to the hills for slalom practice. Hour after hour at Aspen she works on this demanding type of racing, straining to be sure that a second's inattention doesn't cause a fall like that which broke the

leg of U.S. skiing star Bud Werner last month as he trained on a slalom run only 300 yards away. Her philosophy of skiing risks: "I work hard, harder than most, to learn to handle a difficult spot the way I want to do it. I stay out of dangerous situations. There's always another race to win."

Next week's Olympic trial isn't just another race though, but a major

step for this busy blonde, whose floppy sweaters are almost her skiing trademark ("I'm no fashion plate, but I keep warm"). A University of Washington honor student when off the slopes, she says her self-taught skiing style isn't orthodox, but "good enough to get me where I want to go." She hopes that includes Squaw Valley, come Winter Olympics time.

TILTING ALMOST AS SHARPLY AS THE SLOPE ITSELF, SMILING BEVERLEY TWISTS THROUGH SLALOM GATE ON ASPEN MOUNTAIN





FORTY YARDS FROM THE CAMERA OF SPORTSMAN JAMES VAN ALLEN, A STARTLED BULL ELEPHANT PREPARES TO MAKE HIS CHARGE

STALEMATE IN THE AFRICAN BUSH

TO THE NATIVES of Kenya's Northern Frontier, *tesobo*, the elephant, is the feared and respected king of the African bush. To International Sportsman James Van Allen on his first safari to the Dark Continent, *tesobo* meant danger and storybook adventure. On the eighth day of hunting, led by a Somali tracker and a professional guide, Van Allen came across a fresh elephant trail and followed it through the arid countryside. Suddenly his tractor straightened and pointed toward a clump of trees directly ahead. Turning to the white hunter, he whispered in Swahili, "*Tesobo, burana, tesobo!*"

The men stared at the trees, unable to see anything

but leaves and branches. Then, so quickly that it seemed to come from nowhere, a dark trunk snaked through the foliage to tear free a basket-size chunk of leaves. Suddenly, there stood a bull elephant, massive and unmoving, his trunk testing the wind.

Cautiously, the group crept closer, sizing up their quarry. "Small," the hunter murmured finally. "Not 50 pounds at best." (Among white hunters, the size of an elephant is measured by the weight of one tusk.) But he added, "You might try for some pictures."

The hunter held his express rifle at ready (left fore-grooved) as he and Van Allen moved hesitantly closer. Then, with fearful speed, the bull wheeled to face them, ears cocked and huge feet shifting nervously in the sandy soil. Scarcely daring to breathe lest he bring about a thundering charge, Van Allen focused his camera. The flat "snick" of the safety on the hunter's rifle sounded in his ear as he framed the elephant in the view finder.

continued



STARTLED BY THE SOUND OF A HUMAN VOICE, THE ELEPHANT PAWS THE DIRT, UNCERTAIN NOW WHETHER TO CHARGE OR RETREAT

STALEMATE continues

They stood an instant, hunters and prey, in a frozen tableau. Then, like a shot exploding in the stillness, the white hunter's voice ripped across the few yards of tangled brush: "Kwenda!" The animal stopped, one foot raised tentatively in the air. Still covered by the white hunter's rifle (above, left), Van Alen kept motionless.

Beside him the hunter shouted once more the Swahili command. Taking a chance, Van Alen raised his camera and snapped the elephant's hesitation and, finally, its ponderous flight back into the bush (below).

Silently Van Alen walked with the white hunter to the place where the biggest animal in the African bush had been routed—not by bullets but by a simple Swahili word which might best be translated as "Get lost!"

IN FULL FLIGHT AT LAST, THE BULL STORMS AWAY ACROSS THE BUSH COUNTRY, LEAVING A PAIR OF SHAKEN HUNTERS IN HIS WAKE



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The Great Game of Politics

THE awards have been awarded; the rewards reaped; last year's scorecards have been mercifully incinerated along with the Christmas wrappings; and the time has come once more to bed down the past and wake up to a new year—and a new decade. For those of us whose profession and delight it is to contemplate the world of sport, which includes most of the world, the prospect is bright with promise.

During the decade we have just begun, we confidently expect that more people will find more time for more play than ever before in the world's history, and it will be our job to report and share in their enjoyment and occasional frustrations. In this inaugural year of that decade the greatest experts in the world of amateur sport will gather in Rome and in Squaw Valley to compete in the 17th Olympic Games and to provide a feast of vicarious enjoyment for spectator and sportswriter alike. Best of all, perhaps, from our point of view is the fact that in 1960 we will be active participants in a vital and absorbing pastime which Americans, virtually unaided, have made the greatest and most important sport in the world: the nomination and election of a President of the United States.

This is no mere figure of speech. As played in this zesty and sometimes sany land of bravery and freedom, the great game of politics (which comes to a head like the Olympics only once every four years) is in every sense a sport. It inspires the sportsman's competitive urge, the sports fan's exaggerated partisanship; it is marred by the same temptation to play dirty and ennobled by the same sense of fair play. It partakes equally of sportsmanship and gamesmanship and is prompted by an overpowering

will to win; but in the winning, at its best, politics like sport can and does achieve and accomplish more than momentary triumph. It is no accident, therefore, that all of the front runners in the upcoming presidential stakes of 1960 are amateur sportmen of note and enthusiasm. This, perhaps, is why they are front runners.

Nelson Rockefeller, one of the live-liest of all the candidates to date, has now declared himself out of the race, but the sporting oomph that was his when we pictured him at the helm of

his racing sloop off the coast of Maine may yet carry him to the White House. Dick Nixon, by now the sole hope of the Republicans, is well known to our readers as a dark-horse golfer of some potential and an inveterate spectator sports fan. In the months to come we will learn and report more and more about a onetime southpaw Yale tennis star named Stuart Symington who can still play a fast game of weekend tennis and shoot golf in the mid-70s. We'll be telling you about

continued



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

a young man named Kennedy from a competitively inclined Boston family who won his H on the Harvard swimming team and later won a Navy and Marine Corps medal for dragging a shipmate three miles to shore when his PT boat was sunk off the Solomon Islands.

We'll be telling you about a man named Hubert Humphrey whose major, and perhaps only, weakness lies in buying elaborate and expensive fishing equipment with which to attack the sportive deities of Minnesota's teeming lakes, and about a quarter-horse hand from Texas named Lyndon Johnson whose principal passion is shooting deer. And we'll find time again to mention Adlai Stevenson's tennis (at which he's not bad at all), even though everyone knows that his major sport for years has been running for president.

Since we are a sports magazine and not a political journal, our interest is in sportsmen and not politicians. We doubt, however, that any man is a sportsman only incidentally, so in getting to know better the sportsman who will occupy the White House we will know better the man who will run the country, and this seems to us the proper province of all magazines and all Americans.

Along with other sports fans, therefore, at the beginning of the year, not decrying partisanship but reserving judgment, we cry to all sportsmen whether competing at Rome or Squaw Valley, at Los Angeles with the Democrats or at Chicago with the Republicans, or, finally, in the Electoral College Bowl: "Happy New Year and May the Best Man Win!"

Blooding in the Snow

FLOPPED on the top of a half-bare mountain at Aspen, the United States Alpine ski squad appeared to be hopelessly snakebit. Despite the presence of the finest male downhill skier the country has ever produced and half a dozen of the best women skiers ever assembled in one clump, nothing was going right. First, there was almost no snow; no snow in Squaw Valley where the Olympic Winter Games will be held next month, no snow in Sun Valley or

Alta where major warmup races were scheduled, only the residue of an October flurry at Aspen. A shipment of special racing skis was late. A dyers' strike held up delivery of parkas. Declining a U.S. invitation to come and play, Europe's skiers decided to stay home, competing in their own big races right up to Olympic time, thereby depriving the U.S. team of badly needed and hoped-for competition against European talent. Then, to top it all, Buddy Werner, the white hope of the team, broke his leg.

So, since neither the snow-capped mountain nor the Europeans would come to them, and with no Werner left to boost their morale, U.S. officials, like Mahomet of old, decided they'd better go to the mountain. Next week, as soon as the U.S. qualifying trials are completed in Aspen, the entire U.S. team will fly to Kitzbühel, Austria. There, and in places like Davos and St. Moritz and Méribel, for the next three weeks they will race down the world's fastest slopes against the world's fastest skiers. By the time the trip is over they may well be moving a bit faster themselves.

"At least," said Dr. Amos R. (Bud) Little, the Alpine team manager, "we won't arrive at Squaw Valley unblooded."

Skiing in the Sheets

ACCORDING to at least one Michigan psychologist (who prefers to be nameless), the U.S. ski team (see above) might just as well have stood in bed. On the assumption that skiing is 90% mental, the psychologist in question has developed a recording called *Ski Relaxed*, designed to improve the technique of any skier by germinating "success thoughts" in his subconscious for \$8.95.

Appealing to the conscious intellect at the outset, the face of the record is given over to a discussion of hypnotic psychology. The science, says a soothing voice, can be used to dissipate the "many fears, real and imaginary, which plague the novice and expert alike . . . fears which produce negative thoughts and deeds, tensions and fatigues." The road to "positive thinking and positive action" is taken on the flip side when

Skier is told by Voice to lie down and pay attention. "A sensation of warmth is now beginning in your toes," says Voice, hauntingly, mystically. "Creeping up through your legs into your hips. . . . Every muscle is responding to this extremely pleasant feeling."

At length, when Skier's body has been laid to euphoric rest, Voice gets



on to the uplifting business at hand. "After you awaken," it says, "you will be more calm, more relaxed, more confident in everything you say and in everything you do. You will have complete confidence in yourself and in your ability to ski . . . looking forward with zest and enthusiasm to whatever each thrilling run may bring."

The Colts' City

BALTIMORE is a city "spacious, charming and full of creature comforts," said H. L. Mencken not so many years ago; but that was B.C.—before the Colts. What the tart-tongued iconoclast might well have thought of his city in the last week of 1959 boggles the imagination.

Santa Claus was playing second atring on staid Charles Street as Baltimore's merchants used valuable Christmas-season window space for "Yea Colts" signs. One Santa-led band gave up when Christmas carols inspired no reaction, drew great cheers instead by playing the Colt marching song.

A 19-story office building, which usually used its window lights to spell out giant Christmas wishes, spelled COLTS instead.

As the day of the big game approached, the city's long-established social structure collapsed into just two groups—those with game tickets (roughly 50,000) and those without (roughly 900,000). The Withs included four men who waited in line 56 chilly hours to get first chance at the few (6,000) general admission tickets put on sale.

South to Antigua

*On one of the loveliest of the Leeward Islands
vacationing Americans have created an outdoor
playground at the tropical Mill Reef Club*

OF the many Caribbean refuges of winter-fleeing Americans, few so completely fill the requirements of an island paradise as does Antigua. Its tropical climate is cooled by ever-blowing trade winds; its miles of virgin beaches are washed by superb skin-diving waters; butterfly and white spider orchids sway luxuriantly from its trees and rains rarely darken the holiday skies. For centuries Antigua (pronounced Ah-ter-ga) existed in the lazy isolation of the Leeward Islands, too small to be of economic importance, too distant to attract hurried vacationers. But in 1949 a group of businessmen, dissatisfied with unpredictable weather and overcrowding on better-known and more northerly islands, discovered Antigua and formed the Mill Reef Club (see below). Today the club is a rambling series of 45 private homes, a 25-room clubhouse, croquet courses, sparkling beaches, tennis courts and golf greens. Life is relaxed and informal, undisturbed by telephones or newspapers, and most of it, as the pictures on the following pages show, is spent outdoors. Far from the complexities of the business world, the Mill Reef Club's 255 members are convinced that they have found the perfect place in the sun.



SUN-BEACHING HOMES of Antigua's sports-minded Mill Reef Club nestle on protected peninsula of island's southeast coast.

Photographed by Toni Frissell

SUN-TANNED LADIES Mrs. Douglas Lawrence and Mrs. Fred Allen debark for picnic from boat handled by Bertram Werk.



LAUGHING WITH FRIENDS. colorfully dressed Mrs. Walter Allen (left) of Hartford, Conn. works on needle point as she entertains Mill Reef Club members Mr. and Mrs. Jack Peacock Green of Baltimore on the beach patio of her Antigua home a quarter mile from the club.





ATTACKING THE BALL, Donald K. David (foreground) of Osterville, Mass. plays English version of croquet with John Cowles of Minneapolis on member's course.



PICNICKING on hilltop, J. Noel Macy of Washington, D.C. wears a native straw hat for protection from the tropical sun.



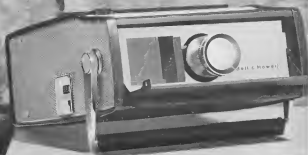
PARTYING on fishing boat off the eastern shore of the island, Philip D. Reed of Rye, N.Y. enjoys the cool ocean breeze.

EXAMINING ISLAND TREASURE, Club President Robertson Ward of Bermuda (left), Carlton Jewett of Buffalo and Fredrich

Olsen of Guilford, Conn. study ancient Arawak Indian relics discovered during archaeological excavations on club property.



Touché!



A lively new personality comes to your slide shows! Now you can point out details on the screen with a pencil of light...make slides go forward or back from across the room...all with Bell & Howell's new Point-A-Ray Remote Control. Only the "Explorer" projector gives you this extra fun, and can be set to run flawlessly all by itself. Fast Filmovara lens zooms to fill the screen at short range. You'll find something extra in everything Bell & Howell makes! *FINER PRODUCTS THROUGH IMAGINATION*  **Bell & Howell**



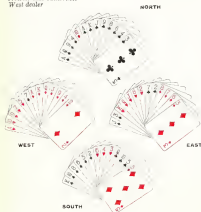
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

1959's king of swing

SOMETIME when Univac has a few minutes to spare, it might be possible to discover how many bridge deals are played in the course of a single year. With some 35 million players in this country alone, many playing several times each week, I am sure the number would be staggering, so huge that one should be chary of claiming that any hand was the most remarkable of the year.

However, here is one that, if not the most remarkable, surely was the biggest swing hand in a national tournament during the past 12 months. It produced 2,980 points for the team captained by Sidney Silodor of Philadelphia against the team led by Ben Fain of Houston. The deal must also have carried the biggest swing in tricks won and lost.

Neither side vulnerable
West dealer



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♠	3♠	2♥	3♥
3♥	6♥	PASS	PASS
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: diamond ace

In team-of-four play, as you know, the same hands are played in two rooms. In one, team A will hold the North-South cards; in the other, their teammates will hold the East-West cards. Thus, when the hand has

been played in both rooms, each team of four will have held the stronger pair of hands. Only, in this case it was hard to decide which hands were the stronger.

With the Silodor team playing North-South, and the bidding as shown, the excitement was over as soon as the auction ended. West's ace of diamonds was the only trick his side could win. There was no way to prevent declarer from winning 12 and scoring 1,210 points (500 for the slam bonus, 300 for the game, 350 for the trick score and 50 for fulfilling a doubled contract).

In the other room, Silodor's team (one of the four which will represent the U.S. in the World Bridge Olympiad next April) was playing East-West, and the excitement lasted considerably longer. The bidding:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♠	2♥	2♥	3♥
3♥	6♥	PASS	PASS
2♥	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

In case you are wondering why South doubled when North held all the high cards for his side, it was because he (South) read his partner's pass to seven hearts as forcing—that is, requiring him to bid seven spades or double. Since South couldn't see any real hope of making seven spades, he chose the latter course.

Then he also had to choose the opening lead, and here the earlier cue bids led him astray. West had cued the spades, suggesting no loser in that suit. North had cued the diamonds, suggesting that he was void or held the ace in that department. However nothing but a spade opening could set the grand slam, and South decided in favor of a diamond. East then had no difficulty in taking all the tricks. After drawing trumps, he was able to discard both his losing spades on West's long diamonds. Bidding and making the grand slam, doubled, was worth 1,770 points and brought the total gain for the Silodor team on this single hand to 2,980 points.

Impressive as that sounds, perhaps the real swing is better expressed in the number of tricks won. In this one deal the Silodor team took 25 tricks!

EXTRA TRICK

There is no straight and narrow path for the correct bidding of potential swing hands. With the inferior suit, hearts, West's slower approach via the three-spade bid at the second table has much to recommend it. Even more commendable was his bid of seven hearts. Aside from the possibility of making that contract, it was safer to bid it than to risk the enemy's making six spades. The best rule for such freaks: when in doubt, buy the contract. **END**



COMPACT LARK (1) STICKS TO HEELS OF LEADING JAGUAR (19)

A second look at the compact cars

After running at Denver and Sebring, all five makes have had a share of glory, but none has overshadowed the competition

THE LATEST FAD along the winter racing circuit is the compact car race. Not that anyone truly believes that a racecourse is the proper place for a complete test of the relative merits of the Falcon, Corvair, Valiant, Lark and Rambler, but the showmanship that lurks restlessly in the breasts of all race-track impresarios prods them into staging the matches now that interest is running so high in these newish Detroit products. First we had the six-hour endurance events at the Continental Divide Raceways near Denver in mid-November, and four weeks later a two-hour race for compacts at Sebring—an event that Promoter Alec Ulmann staged as a curtain-raiser to his Grand Prix main event. On Sunday, January 31, Bill France will run off several compact races at his Daytona International Speedway, and CBS television cameras will be there to report the matter to a nationwide audience.

Although there is something undeniably intriguing in finding out how the compacts will stand up against one another under the severities of a

tough race, I frankly found the two races to date something less than great theatre—or even great sport. For one thing, the conditions were far from equitable at either Denver or Sebring. For another, neither race managed to generate the kind of suspense one might have expected in early trials between these highly competitive machines.

At Denver, where five Corvairs, three Falcons and one Rambler showed up along with a representative selection of smaller European cars, it was an easy run to victory for the six-cylinder, 127-hp Rambler, which had the biggest engine in the race. During the early going it was quite evident that there was little to choose between Corvair and Falcon in either speed or maneuverability on this twisting, hilly course, but after the first hour or so the Corvairs, through no fault of their own, simply didn't have a chance. The race had been so hastily organized that the local Chevy dealers who entered the Corvairs as a team had to run them on ordinary, everyday rubber, which wouldn't take the cars

more than about 60 miles under racing conditions. For a while it seemed as if the Corvairs were spending as much time in the pits as on the track. However, Denver did prove that all three compacts, as well as the European cars, could take the strain of six hours of rough going without a murmur, for not a single car in the race was forced to drop out for mechanical reasons.

Sebring was not, strictly speaking, a compact race, although all five of the Detroit compacts were represented in one way or another. Under the international rules which governed the race, it was possible to enter sedans with a displacement as high as 5,000 cc. and a maximum price of \$5,000. Thus the Larks could use their 180-hp V-8 engines instead of the six-cylinder, 80-to-100-hp motor one normally associates with the compact car. And Briggs Cunningham was able to enter two of his 3.4-liter Jaguars, perhaps the fastest sedans in the world that you can buy right off a dealer's floor. Hardly anyone would be likely to

continued

SEBRING COMPACT CAR RESULTS

FIRST 10 FINISHERS OVER-ALL

DRIVER	MAKE	LAPS
Walt Hansen	Jaguar	31
Curis Turner	Lark	30
Ed Crawford	Jaguar	29
Glen Roberts	Lark	28
Art Riley	Volvo	28
Ed Hugus	Corvair	28
Pedro Rodriguez	Volvo	27
Dennis McCullough	Falcon	27
Jeff Stevens	Valiant	27
George Constantine	Corvair	26

RESULTS BY CLASS

CLASS 10 (3,500-5,000 CC.)

Curis Turner	Lark
Glen Roberts	Lark

CLASS 5 (2,500-3,500 CC.)

Walt Hansen	Jaguar
Ed Crawford	Jaguar
Jeff Stevens	Valiant
Fred Martin	Valiant
George Smith	Rambler
Asenous	Asenous

CLASS 2 (2,000-2,500 CC.)

Ed Hugus	Corvair
Dennis McCullough	Falcon
George Constantine	Corvair

CLASS 6 (1,500-2,000 CC.)

Art Riley	Volvo
Pedro Rodriguez	Volvo
Vera Bennett	Volvo
Joe Sheppard	Racer
Tom Terrell	Hillman

CLASS 8 (1,000-1,500 CC.)

Jack Ryan	Volkswagen
-----------	------------

CLASS 4 (750-1,000 CC.)

George Peck	Renault Dauphine
Howard Hanna	English Ford
Howard Franklin	Renault Dauphine

CLASS 3 (500-750 CC.)

Duncan Farling	Sub
Ray Sadel	NSU
Donald Kearney	Sub

in Florida,
the Finest in

GOLF

at the Famous
Flagler System
Hotels

- IDEAL CLIMATE
- GREENS AND FAIRWAYS IN TOP CONDITION!



THE BREAKERS

directly on the ocean with beautiful
18 hole golf course
Palm Beach, Florida
Frank W. Hogan, Manager

HOTEL PONCE DE LEON

with the famous championship
Ponce de Leon Golf Course
St. Augustine, Florida
J. Kilbourne Hyde, Manager

PONCE DE LEON MOTOR LODGE

directly adjacent to famous
Ponce de Leon Golf Course
St. Augustine, Florida
William H. Summers, Manager

In all Flagler System Hotels, Excellent
Food, Good Accommodations, Swimming,
Dancing and Top Entertainment.

OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE
FLORIDA EAST COAST HOTEL COMPANY
WILLIAM R. KENAN, JR., President



OCEAN REEF

country club community in
the florida keys

All the attributes of secluded island living in this ocean-to-lan community just 55 minutes from Miami by highway! Paved roads completed, utilities installed, spacious lots reasonably priced with realistic restrictions.

Regulation golf course (one of Florida's finest), private beach, lagoon-pool, harbors and marina, boating on intra-coastal waters and ocean. Hotel and cottages, dining room, shops. Paved airstrip only minutes from Miami International Airport.

Investigate this Shangri-La for retirement and vacation living... today! Write for brochures

OCEAN REEF, Box 5, North Key Largo, Florida
• Cottages • Homes • Homesites
55 minutes south of Miami by highway—
40 miles by boat—30 miles by air
—airport with 2100' paved runway

MOTOR SPORTS *continued*

argue, however, that the Jaguar's \$4,815 price tag would put it in a class with the compacts.

Both Lark and Corvair showed up with three cars apiece, and each of them was as completely modified for racing as the rules would allow. Ed Lane, a Miami Springs, Fla. dealer, entered the Larks, and his team of top mechanics was headed by John Holman of Charlotte, N.C., one of the South's leading specialists in tuning cars for racing. Lane's drivers were Curtis Turner, Fireball Roberts and Ralph Moody, three of the very best on the NASCAR circuit. The Corvairs belonged to Don Allen, the big Chevy dealer in New York and Miami Beach, and their straw boss was Zora Duntov, a General Motors specialist who headed the Corvette racing team before Detroit decided back in 1957 to eschew speed. Two of Allen's drivers were from the front rank of sports car competition—George Constantine and Ed Hugus. The third was none other than Rodger Ward, the 1959 Indianapolis winner and national driving champion. As usual, Cunningham had the brilliant New York automotive surgeon, Alfred Momo, in charge of his Jags, and behind the wheels of his cars were Walt Hansgen and Ed Crawford, both leading U.S. sports car drivers.

It was pretty haphazard opposition that Falcon, Valiant and Rambler submitted against this formidable lineup. The Valiants and the lone Rambler, a six, were strictly free-lance entries right off the showroom floor and driven by unknowns. At the last minute, the Sebring officials realized they didn't have a single Falcon in the race, so they persuaded a local dealer to enter one that he happened to have on hand. Denise McCluggage, one of the ablest female drivers around, was signed on for the ride, but her early practice laps were not encouraging. At the 11th hour two racing specialists magically appeared on the scene with appropriate spare parts and other racing paraphernalia, so that on the morning of the race the Falcon seemed to be about 10 miles an hour faster than it had been in its trials.

Without any doubt, the surprise of the race was the performance of the Larks. They stayed within hailing distance of the Jags all the way, and even with a 34-second pit stop for fuel, Turner's Lark was only 38 sec-

onds behind Hansgen's winning Jag at the finish. Crawford's Jag was third and Roberts' Lark fourth. After that it was not really a race—except by class (see box)—although it would be remiss not to note that once again Art Riley and his remarkable Volvo, which had done so well at Lane Rock in the past, beat many bigger cars to finish fifth.

It was to be expected that the Corvairs would dominate the Falcon and Rambler and two Valiants—assuming the Corvairs weren't bothered by the tire trouble that hexed them at Denver. Well, the tires stood up fine, and the Hugus-driven Corvair finished sixth, just ahead of a second Volvo driven by Pedro Rodriguez, the precocious Mexican teen-ager. Duntov and his crew re-rigged the suspension on the Corvairs to give their independently hung rear wheels a negative camber (SI, Dec. 21), and there was no trouble at all with the special racing tires they wore. These tires were made with a nylon body and a somewhat harder tread compound than those that would normally come with the car. Unfortunately, Ward's Corvair seized up on him toward the end of the race, and Constantine's, which had been running bumper to bumper with Hugus' right up to the end, faltered on the last few laps and finished 10th. Ahead of him in eighth place was the McCluggage-Falcon, followed in ninth by a Valiant driven by Jeff Stevens.

The general impression, then, after two of these compact races, would have to be that in their natal condition there is not much to choose from on performance among the Big Three's compacts. If you put one of them into the hands of a superior driver and experienced mechanics it is bound to outperform another compact that is casually prepared for racing. But, on the evidence of Denver and Sebring, one would have to say that they all corner and brake and accelerate and wind up to top speed about alike. The somewhat larger six-cylinder engines probably give the Rambler and the Lark a slight edge in over-all speed, but nothing else.

Now all eyes will turn to Daytona, so if you are watching it on television you should keep one thing in mind: some of the compacts will be beautifully prepared for racing and, most likely, some will not. Let's hope that whoever does the commentary will tell us which is which.

END



Ski Tip

by WILLY SCHAEFFLER

QUESTION: *I find the first two or three runs of the day are usually my worst. By the time I begin to ski well the morning is half gone. How can I ski better during my early runs?*

ANSWER: Do warmup exercises after you get off the lift. In the early part of the season, and particularly during the cold mornings of January, your reflexes are not quick and your muscles are unresponsive. Bad skiing and accidents may result. The four exercises below, all done with skis on, are designed to loosen the leg and body muscles. Take two minutes in the early morning to do these warmups and you will ski better—and with greater safety—the rest of the day.

Sloot squat: with skis held six inches apart, squat slowly, elbows going between the knees. Then bounce up and down in this position, slowly, until the elbows can be made to touch the skis.



Trunk swivel: hold poles behind back. Bend forward and rotate upper body until poles point at snow. Rotate in opposite direction until other ends of poles point at the snow. Repeat rapidly for 30 seconds.



Leg slide: push left leg back and right leg forward. Bend right knee to take the weight. Return to standing position, legs together. Then slide left leg forward, right leg back. Continue exercise one minute.



Leg lift: stand erect and raise right knee until you can grasp lower leg. Pull leg gently upward. Repeat pulling motion more and more quickly until knee comes up almost to shoulder. Repeat with other leg.



Drawings by Bill S. Evans

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

continued from page 26

Pastrano—had been defeated in Europe by fighters who were little regarded on this side of the Atlantic.

As America's stock has fallen, other countries have risen in the sport in a way that suggests the classic pattern of the underprivileged seeking escape from oblivion. Nigeria recently had one of the world champions, Hogan (Kid) Bassey, and there are now two ranked Nigerian fighters.

Recognition of this displacement gives plenty of reason to hold that the time is swollen ripe for formation of an international board of control.

International control of boxing has been tried. It has not worked well. There is a persistently recurrent defeatism on the subject, summed up in what might be called "the mugg's argument." The mugg's argument, voiced most frequently by boxing writers and sports columnists, is that boxing always has been dominated by crooks and therefore it always will be. The mobsters are in full agreement with the sportswriters on this point.

But it is a point that aims directly at alternatives ordered by Governor Pat Brown of California—cure boxing or kill it. If the sport is inherently rotten it should be destroyed.

Prizefighting is well worth saving. For its sins it may yet be banished again to the barge, but its essential virtues require that it be given a chance to save itself. It is today our sickest sport, but here and there surgery is being performed. Carbo is in jail and may yet go to federal prison. With the indictment of Truman Gibson, president of National Boxing Enterprises, on a federal charge of conspiracy, whatever was left of the Norris monopoly's good name has declined dramatically. Even television networks, singularly insensitive in the past, have been debating whether to drop boxing as a prophylactic against even more scandals of the quiz and payola variety.

Prizefighting in the U.S. is groggy, certainly, but it need not be knocked out. Its men of good will vastly outnumber its Carboes and Norrises, though many seem fainthearted.

They also seem, some of them, permanently frustrated.

Attempts at international control have failed because the U.S. has failed to live up to the obligations of such membership.

The National Boxing Association was founded in the hope that it might make order out of the chaos of individual state and city boxing commissions working at competitive cross-purposes. It has had some limited successes but its basic problems, inherent in the political nature of its member boxing commissions, have never been solved. The states tax prizefights, and the state commissions therefore compete against each other to get the fights and the revenue. Hotels, restaurants, night clubs and other businesses profit from a big prizefight and the representatives of these enterprises exert extra pressure

NBA President Anthony Macaroni, an earnest young man who has long worked ardently for boxing with little or no personal reward, proposes to put in international command an organization with a history of inability to control boxing within the U.S. Before attempting such a move the NBA should go out and win a few preliminaries. It needs a reputation.

The NBA attempt at internationalization probably results from its disastrous experience with the World Championship Committee, which had been conceived and organized by J. Onslow Fane, president of the British Boxing Board of Control. For



FEDERAL CONTROL may result from Senator Estes Kefauver's new inquiry.



KILL OR CURE was command given by Governor Edmund Brown of California.

on the commissioners. It has been estimated that a fight which drew \$1 million in New York caused another million to be spent in the city for board, lodging and entertainment.

The NBA is nevertheless contemplating its own gesture toward international control. The gesture has a feeble feel. It would change the name of the organization to something like the "International Boxing Association" in order that the new title might acknowledge the existence of affiliate members like the Canadian Boxing Federation, the Japan Boxing Commission, the Thailand Boxing Commission and others. But the foreign affiliates attend NBA conventions in almost a passive spirit. Even in matters that can be handled by mail they exert little influence on NBA deliberations.

a time the committee seemed on its way to success. Its purpose was modestly limited to regulation of the championships and designation of leading contenders. Then it began to fall apart as the inherent inadequacy of U.S. control weakened its basic structure.

The NBA plan to internationalize itself seems to have equally little chance for success, in part since it would give each member country a representative on the IBA's executive committee.

That alone would be a fatal defect. As Onslow Fane pointed out in a critique of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* proposal, weldiness is essential for any world organization. He believes in something much more like a federation of associations, some of which have authority over several countries,

a design that would prevent the organization from being overwhelmed by members.

"I think this is desirable," he said, "because I am convinced that a very large membership will lead to chaos and, possibly, under-the-table alliances on the principle that if I scratch your back you scratch mine."

Also to preserve wholeness, Fane would limit the new organization to regulation of the championships and designation of the leading contenders.

Edouard Rabret, secretary general of the European Boxing Union, wholeheartedly supports the objectives of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's proposal, while

organization as necessary to regulate and administer the many important interstate and worldwide aspects of boxing," Urch said. "We are conscious of the fact that without this type of worldwide organization to cover all areas we will get the very degrading situation in which we find ourselves today with the Carbo syndicate or any other."

"The idea of permitting racketeering to go on in one jurisdiction after it is smashed in another is ridiculous."

This is a point that Edwin Ahlquist, Johansson's adviser and Scandinavia's leading fight promoter, made in discussing the need for international control.

"As conditions now are," Ahlquist said, "the boxing authority in a state in America may exclude unscrupulous individuals, whereupon these—in certain cases—only have to move into another state and make arrangements as if nothing had happened. Anyone can understand that this paralyzes control of boxing, a control which is necessary."

"A world organization could in a short time restore public confidence in boxing, make all scandals impossible and protect the fighters, the public and all those wanting to make boxing an honorable sport again."

The NBA, the World Championship Committee, Fane, Rabret and individual states like California have represented most of the constructive efforts that have been expended to regulate boxing.

A new one may yet emerge from the projected investigation of boxing by Senator Estes Kefauver's Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly. Proposals for federal control of the sport have been heard with more and more frequency of late. Out of Kefauver's investigation may come just such a proposal. If so, and if adopted, an essential problem would be solved at a stroke. The disunity of the states, which was the basic cause of the failure of the World Championship Committee, would be ended. The U.S. could then take an efficient part in international regulation of boxing, perhaps by joining a reconstituted World Championship Committee, perhaps by taking part in the formation of an international body along the lines of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's proposal—a body, to quote the Sportsman of the Year of 1959, dedicated to a purpose which "must be to restore public confidence in boxing."

END

FISHING HINTS FROM

Fred Arbogast
"BAIT OF CHAMPIONS"

How to use Arbogast "Bait of Champions" to get the night feeders



Mr. Marion Dillard of Fredericksburg, Va., with 10 lb., 3 oz. bass caught on an Arbogast Jitterbug. "The duck is down, feeling fishers really like those Jitterbugs," he says. "Great for day-time, too!"

It's funny how many fishermen there are who leave the lures and streamers as soon as the sun goes down. The real pros, like Mr. Dillard pictured above, know that's often when the big ones just start to feed.

What are the best baits for fishing from dusk to dawn? Try the Arbogast Jitterbug.



JITTERBUG 3/8, 3/4, 1/2 oz.; 8 colors; \$1.35.

This noisy surface lure calls in the lunkers from all over the lake. Retrieve it continuously or in jerks. Surface-feeding game fish hit hard and often at the Jitterbug's erratic, wobbling action.



SPUTTERBUG 3/8, 1/2 oz.; 8 colors; \$1.35.

Take along some Sputters, too. The big trout spinner on this surface bait creates a terrific commotion when reeled in fast. At rest, the Hula Skirt curls and squirms to give a live action.

Remember, at night fishing you can't see the lure. So always be ready to set the hook as soon as you hear the strike.

Here's another good tip: Put an assortment of Arbogast "Bait of Champions" lures in your tackle box for all your fishing. Want some help in making your selection? Send for the newest, free full color Arbogast catalog. It's loaded with helpful hints and pictures.



FRED ARBOGAST COMPANY, INC.
313 West North Street, Akron 3 Ohio



CONTROL FOR SURVIVAL was plea of Commissioner Jack Urch of California.

cautiously agreeing with Fane on the point that "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

The state whose commission has done the most to clean up boxing within its borders is California. The investigating spearhead of California's cleanup is Jack Urch, executive director of the California commission. With due regard for the situation in the rest of the U.S., Urch observed:

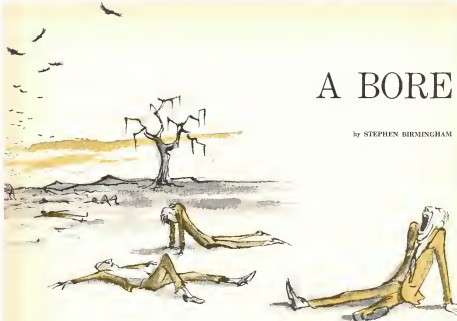
"An international organization would be ideal and I feel California would go along. We'd even settle for a national—meaning United States—organization."

There is some prospect, indeed, that California, disgusted at NBA's inability to control the situation, is about to withdraw from the national body.

"California views a strong organi-

A BORE

by STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM



PLAYING A SPORT or watching a sport, I think we must all agree, is one thing. Talking about a sport is something else again. It is a specialized activity, highly intricate, difficult to do well and hazardous. I was reminded of this the other day when, at a cocktail party in the country, close to where we live, one of the guests suddenly launched into a description of what you may (or may not) recognize when you read it to be the Williams-Amherst football game of 1948. No one had urged him to. He just did. "I remember that game as if it were yesterday," he said, and paused to let the room fall silent.

"There we were," he continued in a voice full of portent, "getting ready for the biggest game of the season. Both teams were pretty tense. I don't suppose anyone remembers which team was favored that year." He looked around the room. No one did. "Well," he went on, "Amherst was favored—very slightly favored. Still, though Lord Jeff was favored, all of us were ready to do our best for

Old Eph. Well, kickoff time was approaching. . . ."

For a while I studied the intricate tooled design on the toe of my shoe. When my attention finally wandered back to the man who was talking, I found that he was still in the first half.

" . . . and then, in the second quarter," he was saying, "Duffield aeriaded to Cool, and Cool carried the ball to the one-inch line. The stands were going wild! Farmer carried it across! Then the Sahtrinas came charging back. Well—with the help of some penalties and a couple of smart passes—they pushed over, too, for their first score. But the Jeffs failed to convert. So the score, at the half time, was Eph 7, Jeff 6. . . ."

As the fellow's voice droned on, I glanced about the room. Faces were fixed patiently and politely on him for the most part; only here and there did I spot a surreptitious yawn. But over all the group there had crept a curious tiredness, a kind of leadenly waiting lassitude, a sense of resignation and of never-mind-it-will-be-

over-in-a-while. I realized that what we had all encountered here was another of the many species of sports bores. And I decided (my mind journeying farther and farther away from the details of that insignificant contest on the long-ago gridiron) that at this beleaguered New Year's season—a time of resolutions and promises—a good thing might be to learn how to spot a sports bore and, having spotted him, to learn either how to get away from him or roadblock him before he starts indulging in his favorite activity.

It is not easy. There are, to begin with, many different kinds of sports bores in addition to the type described above who specializes in play-by-play descriptions of decade-old football games. There is a second type, for instance, who begins every sports anecdote with a detailed run-through of the rules of the game. He feels that it is important—since his story concerns baseball—that you understand how baseball is played, with three bases, a home plate, a

WATCHERS' GUIDE

There are no boring sports, but there are plenty of sporting bores. Mr. Birmingham views the prospect before us in 1960 and offers some advice on how to spot a variety of bores and how to avoid or escape them



Drawings by Marc Smit

catcher who catches, a pitcher who pitches and so on. As he passes meticulously through the pages of the rule book you may be sure you have spotted a bore of the first order.

There is a third type, however, whose approach is less obvious—by which I mean he is on you before you have had a chance to realize what is happening. This is the type who acts out the plays, and all at once there he is crouched on the carpet, calling out signals, or rolling over against the coffee table under the force of an imaginary tackle, or carrying the ball yard by yard into the dining room. As a sort of sideline, this fellow is quite apt to supply sound effects that are intended to add realism to his performance. He will simulate crowd noises, cheers, pants, groans, bones cracking, with varying degrees of success.

Type Four is the familiar type who tells you what you just saw. Up to now, we have been talking about people who describe incidents and events that, supposedly, the listener

knows relatively little about. More perplexing—and just as deadly—is the person who provides a running commentary on the game while you are watching it, on the assumption that your senses are unavoidably focused elsewhere as you sit beside him (or in back of him or in front of him or three seats across from him) in the stadium. "That's Smith," he tells you as Smith gets the ball. "He's got the ball." Smith starts down the field. "There he goes," your informant explains, and then, when they get Smith on the 20-yard line, he says, "They got him." A sort of sub-category of Type Four is the fellow who tells you all about the game you have both just seen as you leave the stadium and are most concerned about remembering where you parked your car.

A fifth type is the arguer over small, technical points. Occasionally he disputes some tiny point of play, but most often he finds himself in disagreement with a piece of equipment: the mechanical scoreboard, for exam-

ple, has registered a score that differs from his own; the machine that photographs the finish of a horse race is not as accurate as his eye. This type is also apt to be a statistical bore, too, and it would be a wise thing to beware of him and his statistics. "I suppose you knew that back in 1916, which was the first year of the World Series—when the Philadelphia Athletics beat the Boston Red Sox by a score of 7-6, thanks to two home runs by Kunitsky—the official dimensions of the diamond were only 70 by 70 instead of 110 by 110," said one of these fellows to me the other day.

"Oh, sure, I knew that," I said airily, trembling slightly from the impact of the statistical barrage. I had, of course, fallen a victim to the statistical bore's commonest weapon. He knew that I did not know, and was confident that unless I went to the trouble to check I would never discover that his statistics were not authentic, and that there was no one named Kunitsky.

continued

The sixth type is perhaps the commonest of all and, possibly, the least offensive. This is the type who has not seen the game at all, but wants to talk about it anyway. He may have read reports of it in the newspapers. Or he may have heard parts of it on the radio. In any case, he has a few eager theories to present. Though he may be more entertaining than the other five types, he is also—because all his information is second-hand—inclined to be inaccurate.

Of course, there are all sorts of gradations between these six various types and, from time to time, I have run across sports bores difficult to classify. It occurred to me, for example, that a separate category might be made for the Organizational Sports Bore—the young parent who has somehow got himself in charge of raising money for uniforms for the local Little League baseball team, and who tells everyone who will listen what a hell of a time he is having. But I have decided that, in most cases, he is a captive of circumstance, and should be given our fullest sympathy.

There is, however, a definite kind of bore who might be called a Kiddies' Sports Bore. He is a person, also a parent, who shows up late at the

party, having just dropped (or picked up) Junior, who is getting to be a great little whatever-it-may-be at the junior championship meet, or race, or game. The Kiddies' Sports Bore's lateness gives him a conversational starting point, and an excuse to start modestly admitting his 10-

year-old's athletic prowess. (Junior will turn out, usually, to be not only a Great Little Football Player, but a Great Little Tennis Player, Swimmer, Fighter, Golfer, Runner, Hitter, and a great many other little things, including—if the truth were known—a great little bore in his own right as well.)

Among bona fide sports bores (who, presumably, have always been that way) there are certain common characteristics that the accomplished bore watcher must learn to recognize. For instance, you can sometimes spot a sports bore by his attire. After a Yale game any elderly gentleman who has a miniature plastic bulldog in his buttonhole is apt to be one. If you are in his house a library shelf containing an inordinate number of volumes on the history of falconry may indicate that you are about to meet your first falconry bore, or it may not. Numerous golf trophies may or may not mean anything either. But the surest way to find out would be to say politely, "Won't you tell me about this stuff?" So, as a rule of thumb, don't.

Most indicative of a sports bore is his stance. Indoors he is apt to arrange himself in front of a fireplace, one elbow resting on the mantel, feet casually crossed and highball in hand. Just before he starts to speak he will remove his pipe from his teeth and



From two golf bores you can expect hours of pure tedium



The active bore calls the signals and carries the ball

scratch his forehead thoughtfully with the atom. Then, "I remember it as if it were yesterday. . . ." he will begin. Out of doors the sports bore may squat down into a crouch position on his haunches, and if there is a little stick lying around he will pick this up and begin to chart a facsimile of the playing field in the dirt.

Certain expressions, too, go with sports bores like mint jelly with leg of lamb. Anyone who opens his remarks with, "Well, old Tiger did it again!" is likely to be a bore as, indeed, is anyone who uses endearing nicknames of college. ("good old Crimson," "good Ole Miss") or of teams ("good old Redskins," "good old Bluebottles") or of anything else (referring to a football as "the old pigskin" is particularly suspicious).

Of course certain sports lend themselves more readily to sports bores than others. And, as I dug deeper into the subject, a certain pattern began to emerge. No one, I began to notice, ever seems to be a sports bore about swimming meets or tennis matches or track meets. There are many football bores, almost no soccer bores. In England, of course, there are cricket bores and Rugby bores who, while not audibly boring others, are writing long letters to the *Observer* and the *London Times* about the sad decline of cricket and Rugby. On this side of the Atlantic you will seldom run across a wrestling bore, but boxing bores are numerous. The reason, it seems to me, is this: To be bore-worthy, a sport must be one of two things. It must 1) be one that is played within a relatively small area surrounded by facilities for many thousands of onlookers (e.g., football), or it must 2) be a sport that is played within a vast landscape and is watched by practically no one at all (e.g., Saturday morning golf).

Surely, next to the football bore, the most common sports bore is the golf bore, and when two golf bores of the arguer-about-technicalities type get together you can expect hours of pure tedium to follow. At the end of the discussion such eternal questions as which is the tougher hole at Apawamis (No. 14 or No. 15) and which is the tougher course (Pebble Beach or St. Andrews) will still be unanswered. Perhaps it is because golf is essentially a solitary sport—each golfer is on his own—that golfers are prone to debate, endlessly, their sport's imponderables. Perhaps this same lone-

liness accounts for the occasional boringness of sports-car owners.

Sports-car owners are a brand-new breed of sports bores and, in order of prevalence, I would put them in third place. I have noticed more and more of my acquaintances who nowadays will stop everything to discuss the advantages (social and stylistic) and disadvantages (economic) of wire wheels. The sound of a single word, floating out of a distant conversation in a crowded room, is sufficient to alert the wary bore watcher to the

that is apt to attract sports bores. I am thinking now not so much of sports-car riding as walking. Bored on walking I will put in No. 4 position, with the added warning that they are on the increase. I first became aware of the walk bore a couple of summers ago at a small English inn near the Scottish border. An Englishman on holiday has always been fond of walking, but in the last few years he has become more competitive about it. "I say," said this Englishman to me on the evening I am



The as-if-it-were-yesterday bore—still in the first half

sports-car bore. The word is "downshift" or "downshifting." In another era most drivers shifted up (there were some downshifters even then, but not many, and the practice was called "double-clutching"). Now hardly anybody shifts at all except for the sports-car bore who never mentions how he gets up into high gear but will talk for hours on how he gets down out of it. It takes something a little like the old Notre Dame shift to avoid him.

When the sheer act of doing the thing becomes the only reward that the sport contains, you have a sport

thinking of, "shall we take a short walk?" I hesitated; it was raining quite hard outside and things were pleasant inside, with a glass of port by the fire. Wasn't it, I suggested, a bit of a beastly sort of night for a walk? "Not at all," he said. "Do you good. Got a waterproof, haven't you?" I admitted I had. As we buckled ourselves into our raincoats my companion said, "Got your pedometer, of course?" I had none, and told him so. "Why do I need a pedometer?" I asked him. He looked astonished. "Don't you want to know

continued



The boxer-breeder bore is ubiquitous, earthy and interminable

BORE WATCHERS' GUIDE *continued*

how far you've walked?" be asked. "Goodness, I always carry one." I smiled and said that as long as he had a pedometer I could refer to his. He looked disappointed. "Dash it all," he said, "I suspect that mine's gone bloomy. My wife Sarah says that from the inn, here, to the church registers four and five-tenths miles, but last night my pedometer registered four and nine-tenths miles. I thought I could check mine against yours tonight." Later during my stay in England I read that a lance corporal had walked 130 miles. He was almost immediately topped by another gentleman who walked over 600 miles. Today, in this country, walking-for-mileage is decidedly taking hold. Some walkers specialize. They take only bridges—the George Washington, the Brooklyn, the Golden Gate and so on. Others take territories like New England and Florida, and vow not to rest until every walkable mile in that territory has been walked.

A while back a gentleman from Queens, New York named Commander Thomas J. Keane (USN, ret.) completed a project that he had begun four years before, which was

to walk every street, avenue and alley in Manhattan, retracing as few footsteps as possible. Commander Keane's next effort will be, I understood, a 30-mile walk around Manhattan. (I seem to remember that Charles Atlas, the body-building man, has swum around Manhattan, but somehow I don't mind that.) I am not accusing Commander Keane, whom I do not know, of being a bore. But when I read recently that he had celebrated his 70th birthday with a quick seven-mile stroll around Fresh Meadow Pond, then hoofed it back to his house and a party that was being given in his honor and "apologized for being late," I could not help wondering: Was the apology as far as it went? Or was this followed by a leisurely discussion of his stroll? The experiences of walkers—who seem to divide their attention pretty evenly between the pedometer-reading and the road ahead—are difficult to make vivid. Give me a mountain climber any day.

Walkers at least have the weather to talk about. So do sailors. So do fishermen. So do sliders. (Come to think of it, there are a number of different kinds of weather to be talked about in these four sports.) But nothing is less eventful than

boxer breeding, an indoor sport.

I am not quite sure why I pick boxer breeding as the most bore-breeding pastime, and not beagle breeding and poodle breeding. I have nothing at all against boxer dogs—a fine, intelligent and gentle breed they are. But doesn't it seem to you that there are an awful lot of boxer breeders? In fact, though it doesn't sound logical, I think there are more boxer breeders on the loose than boxers. And what fun they have describing what goes on in their kennels! With what relish they pounce upon words like "bitch" and "stud" and "in heat" and "worms" to give earthy substance to their conversation (which reminds me, I have often wondered whether landlubbers toss around the word "toilet" to the extent that sailors toss around the word "head"—has anyone ever counted?). Avoid dog-breeder bores in general—but especially boxer breeders.

But now—since the beginning of a new year should be a time of charity—let me leave off talking about sports bores to be avoided and mention a few that, perhaps because they are not quite so boring, ought to be tolerated during 1960, even cultivated. Let us, for one, all be nicer to bullfight bores this year. They have had a hard time of it, borewise. ("Help?" whispered a young lady at a party the other day, "I'm trapped by someone who wants to talk about bullfights!"). Perhaps in the last few years bullfight lovers have been a bit too vocal. But the thing is that by now most of them have realized it, and have gone underground conversationally. The time they used to spend exclaiming about Dominguín and Manolete and Carlos Arruza and Ava Gardner they now spend in unhappy silence. I, for one, never found bullfight talk as dull as some people did. I would like to see the bullfight lover given a second chance and allowed back in, moment of truth and all.

And let us be kinder to the skin-diver, too. Though we have all heard more than once how much his various items of equipment cost him, he means no harm when he tries to tell us about the pleasure of his deeps. After all, he does occasionally see things—other than rocks, wharf pilings and clams—that are denied to earthbound creatures. Sometimes he brings home pictures of the mysteries he sees, taken with his underwater camera, and, while we're at it, let us

resolve to be gentler to the skin-diver's blood brother, the photography buff. Let us all try not to yawn when he rattles on about filters and light meters and tripods, and let us let him show us his pictures—even the ones that are studies of bark.

Let us make 1960, too, the year to be kind to big-game hunters back from Africa, half though they are of expressions like "jumbo bawee" and "Land Rover" and "white hunter," and watch their home movies and admire their trophy rooms. (I personally draw the line at model-railroad enthusiasts, however, and will continue to resist being lured into their basements to admire their rackety miniatures of Schenectady.)

But let us keep our sense of proportion. Let us not be so forgiving of minor league bores that we confuse them with major league ones. Let us not, at this time of year, become so awash with good will that we forget



Let's be kind to big-game hunters

to be ever on the lookout for true dyed-in-the-wool bores of the six dominant varieties.

Of course there are bound to be times when, despite our best efforts, there we will be—confronted with one. It will be too late to turn away, too late to throw him off the subject. Let us resolve, in these cases, to adopt the bore's own stance. Let us arrange ourself in front of the fireplace, put our elbow on the mantel, cross our feet casually, hold our highball glass and listen. Then, when the bore says (as all bores eventually do, you know), "I hope I'm not boring you," let us scratch our head thoughtfully with the bit of our pipe and say, in as bored a tone as we can muster, "Yes, as a matter of fact, you are." END

Rugged 14 ft. aluminum runabout guaranteed 15 years: Only \$425!

NEW
STARCRAFT
BONANZA



STARCRAFT BOAT CO. WHITE FOR COMPLETE COLOR CATALOG
Department S1-1 • Goshen, Indiana



THIS IS A YEAR-ROUND RESORT OF DELIBERATE SIMPLICITY AND INFORMALITY, a charming hotel and cottages on an 18th century sugar plantation. Private 9-hole, 3350-yard golf course, lovely crescent-shaped beach, pool, beach house. All-weather tennis. Excellent bone fishing. Diverse American cuisine laced with Continental and Creole delicacies.

See your travel agent or
Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Boston • Chicago
Washington • Toronto

Estate Carlton

Frederiksted, St. Croix
VIRGIN ISLANDS

Where Good Sports

Get Together

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Circulation 893,000 Weekly



BLISTIK
ANTHROPIOTIC LIP BALM



Dry, Sore, Chapped Lips
TWIST TYPE, PLASTIC CASE

BY THE MAKERS OF "BLISTERS"

SIMPLEX CHALLENGER RACING KARTS

More thrilling than Indianapolis racing because YOU are the driver in America's newest, safest sport!



Retail
from
\$139
to
\$269

The Challenger is a masterpiece of mechanical integrity. Challengers are the only Karts that are equipped with two shoe automotive internal expanding brakes and a steering mechanism that racing experts consider the ultimate in Kart Racing Control. Every Challenger is delivered ready to race. Our Free Literature answers all your questions about this great Sport, together with full color pictures of all Simplex Machines.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING CORP.

540 M. Carroll Ave. • Dept. TL
New Orleans 19, La.



**MERCEDES-
BENZ of**

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

... the nation's largest Mercedes dealer invites you to inspect the 1960 models of Mercedes-Benz including the new 220 Series.

Your order now will assure early delivery of color and model.

Warrington Imports Inc.

701 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. LA 5-5550

BASS FISHERMEN WILL SAY I'M CRAZY -until they try my method!

JUST ONE TRIAL WILL PROVE THAT I MAKE
EVERY FISHERMAN'S DREAM COME TRUE!

I'm a bassman and I make a good living out of my profession. But fishing is my hobby. And because of this hobby, I discovered a way to get those giant bass—even in waters most fishermen say are "fished out." I don't spin, troll, cast or use any other method you ever heard of. Yet, without fail or prepared bait, I can come home with a string of 5 and 6 pound basses while a man twenty feet away won't even get a strike! You can learn my method in a few minutes. It is legal in every state. All the equipment you need costs less than a dollar and you can get it in any local store.

The chances are no man who fishes your waters has ever used my method—*even if he's a pro!* When you have tried it—just once—you'll realize what terrific bass fishing you've been missing.

Let me tell you how you can try this method for no money without risking a single penny of your money. I guarantee that the facts I send you will make you want to try the details of my method—on a money back agreement—*and* get you started toward the greatest bass fishing you have ever known. Send me your name today—letter or postcard. You've got a real fishing thrill ahead of you!

ERIC M. FARE, Highland Park 12, Illinois

Setting the Pace...

From Cruisers to Runabouts
Span America leads the way.



NEW

UNITS

NEW INTERIORS

Write for new 4 color catalog
Span America... the complete boat
line offers more. Gold Star.
costs less. *span*

SPAN AMERICA

PO BOX 10000, BIRMINGHAM

ALABAMA 35210

PLEASURE CRAFT

HIGH
HILIZATION

+

REFRESHING
TASTE

=

Alpine

Now on display... the new

ROLLS-ROYCE

Silver Cloud II
and the Bentley "S" 2

Warrington Motors Imports Inc.

701 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. LA 5-5550

19TH HOLE The readers take over

GOLF CARTS: PHOOEY!

Sirs:

In anticipation of the tremendous profits I expect to receive when my new golf cart hits the market (*The Golf Cart Is Here for Good*, St. Dec. 14) I am preparing my resignation from the U.S. Navy. The distinguishing feature of this otherwise conservative design—the built-in bar—is functional and nothing out of the ordinary—is an automatic, spring-loaded club-swinger which can be set for any distance from five to 300 yards—the latter for self-styled long hitters. This device, if used properly, will not only eliminate the excessive muscular fatigue associated with swinging the club manually but will also speed up play, since preliminary wiggles, shakes and twitches will no longer be necessary before each shot. A noted golf pro expressed the philosophy which led me to this design with the question: "Would you close your screen door by hand when you could buy a spring to do it automatically?" Phooey!

LEUT. COMMANDER BOB MOORE, USN
China Lake, Calif.

Sirs:

The golf cart, in my opinion, is nothing more than a manifestation of a disoriented, sedentary and obese country gradually eating and sitting itself out of existence. There is no doubt that literally thousands of physically handicapped individuals can now play golf with the use of the cart, but there is also no doubt in my mind that this group is a very small minority and that the majority of the people now using carts would be immeasurably better off if they walked and used nature's method of transportation.

Even though I feel Mr. Wright attempted to show the obvious harm done to our individual physical fitness by eliminating walking 18 holes of golf, I feel he actually did a disservice to the youth fitness movement by not stating unequivocally that you had better get off your seat and on your feet and get the physical exercise needed to reach your optimum degree of efficiency, regardless of what endeavor you might seek.

There is no telling how many people Claude Harmon influenced with his statement: "Most people get too much exercise playing 18 holes of golf anyway. I tell you the cart is here for good, and a darn good thing it is, too. Believe me, I never want to walk again when I can ride." What am I supposed to tell my five sons when they ask to ride a golf cart while playing 18 holes?

Bob Cox

Executive Director

Youth Fitness Commission

of North Carolina

Raleigh, N.C.

● Cart or no cart, Bob Cox, star end and place-kicker at the University of

North Carolina in the years of Charlie (Choo Choo) Justice, is also past president (1958-59) of the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce, and should tell his sons to keep heads down, pivot and not break their wrists.—ED.

Sirs:

Gentlemen, let's play down any effort to get people interested in any more automation than there is already.

DAVID A. HENRY

State Director of Youth Fitness

West Virginia Jaycees

Fairmont, W. Va.

Sirs:

The spectacle of all these "sports" chugging over the fairways in their motorized symbols of American athletic debility is hardly edifying. Undoubtedly, we will next see bowling buggies to carry the kegler from his seat to the foul line or perhaps croquet carts for motorizing between wickets.

ROBERT D. LILLIBRIDGE

San Bernardino, Calif.

Sirs:

Mr. Harmon's rotund figure was displayed for all television viewers to see during the National Open in 1959, and I was completely amazed that he could walk 18 holes. Too bad that USGA rules do not permit the use of golf carts, because walking is evidently too strenuous for him.

It is certainly an appalling sight to see young men and women, the picture of health, riding in golf carts, with some excuse that they're too tired or in too much of a hurry to walk 18 holes. I think perhaps former President Harry S. Truman was right when he showed grave concern over the physical fitness of our young people.

ROBERT J. NICKELS

Ann Arbor, Mich.

● Wrong President. It was Dwight D. Eisenhower who showed grave concern over the physical fitness of our young people.—ED.

Sirs:

I am afraid I shall have to agree that "the golf cart is here for good." The reason that I regretfully admit this is because I am a caddy in southern California.

RICHARD HALLICK

Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

Sirs:

A true golfer enjoys the walk as much as any other part of the game. Down with carts!

J. M. JEWELL

Columbus, Ind.



DO ELEPHANTS SUFFER FROM ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCH?

After years of research, leading elephantsophiles* have come to the conclusion they just don't know the answer.

They do know, beyond any doubt, that young bull elephants sometimes suffer from bugs under the eyes—but this could happen to anyone who stays out late.

But can you imagine the sound of an elephant's roar if athlete's foot did cause his toes to itch and burn? After all, the toe of a full-grown elephant may weigh as much as 23 lbs. Figuring 20 toes per elephant, that works out to 460 bellowing pounds—which is murder on anyone's ears.

However, you don't have to roar like an elephant if you have athlete's foot itch. We know a secret that lets you get rid of athlete's foot itch so fast you almost can't believe you had it.

The secret is a new kind of painless iodine**—world's greatest antiseptic. You see, everybody knows iodine is best for infections, even athlete's foot—except that it burns tissue.

But now scientists have made iodine completely safe for you to use on even the most tender skin. And you can get this new painless iodine in a special kit called Iodine Athlete's Foot Treatment . . . with this medical combination that doctors recommend:

First, there's Iodine Liquid. This kills the infecting organism by contact.

Second, there are Q-Tip® Swabs to let you apply the liquid efficiently and hygienically.

Third, there's Medicated Powder to spray in socks and shoes and help prevent re-infection.

If you use our kit conscientiously and as we direct, we guarantee you'll never roar like an elephant because you can't get rid of that terrible athlete's foot itch.

In fact, the Iodine Athlete's Foot Treatment Kit *must* get rid of your athlete's foot—*must* prevent its return—or your money back. Only \$1.35 for all three—liquid, powder and swabs—in one convenient kit.

*Berkel-Crest
**Polyvinylpyrrolidone-iodine complex (U. S. Pat. 2,736,802)



© 1959 Iodine Chemical Corp., Dover, Del.

Pat on the Back



CLARENCE STASAVICH

'I'm a schoolteacher at heart'

There is a proud football tradition at Lenoir Rhyne College, a small (\$60 students) Lutheran liberal arts school in the foothills of North Carolina's Blue Ridge Mountains. This season Lenoir Rhyne went undefeated to its fifth consecutive conference title and was named the No. 1 small college football team in the nation. The National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics, an organization of some 450 small colleges, awarded Lenoir Rhyne's football team the highest rating ever.

Credit for this rests on the broad shoulders of "Stas" Stasavich, who

has coached at Lenoir Rhyne since 1938. He is shown here with Lee Farmer, his star tailback, and Poanats, his Pekinese-cocker, who occasionally turns out for practice. Stasavich's outstanding success has brought him offers from major colleges. He has turned them all down. "I'm a schoolteacher at heart," explains Stasavich, "and here I have the opportunity to teach. What I like to do is take a kid and teach him football. It's a great joy to see a youngster develop and go on from college to become a useful citizen. At a big college I would be mostly a football administrator."

Problem: *Must medium-priced car buyers be burdened with useless bulk?*

Answer: No! See the compact luxury car
AMBASSADOR V-8



The compact luxury car—Ambassador for 1960—from the world's largest builder of Compact* cars, sets a new standard of basic excellence for medium-priced cars. Fresh new styling; greater maneuverability with less overall length. Thriftful, too—high-performance 250 HP V-8 engine thrives on regular gas. See why Ambassador is fastest-growing in popularity—highest in resale value of all medium-priced cars. Drive the finest car ever priced so close to the lowest—Ambassador V-8 for '60—at your Rambler dealer's.



Can't park the "ghosts"? Try Ambassador... only 9 inches longer than the Rambler Six... up to 2 ft. shorter than other medium-priced cars.




No guess waiting, guess-reading excess bulk with Ambassador—shorter outside, with luxurious, stretch-out room inside for six.

AMBASSADOR V-8

BY RAMBLER

The New Standard of Basic Excellence in Luxury Cars



Someday all cigarettes
will
probably
be made
this better way



In Soft Pack, too.